

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,019

JUNE 8, 1889

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.

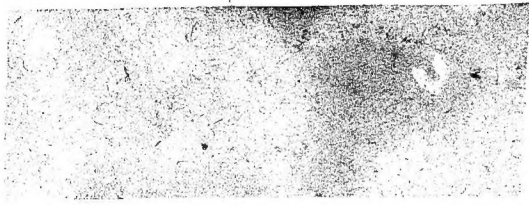


STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE





# THE GEOGRAPHIC

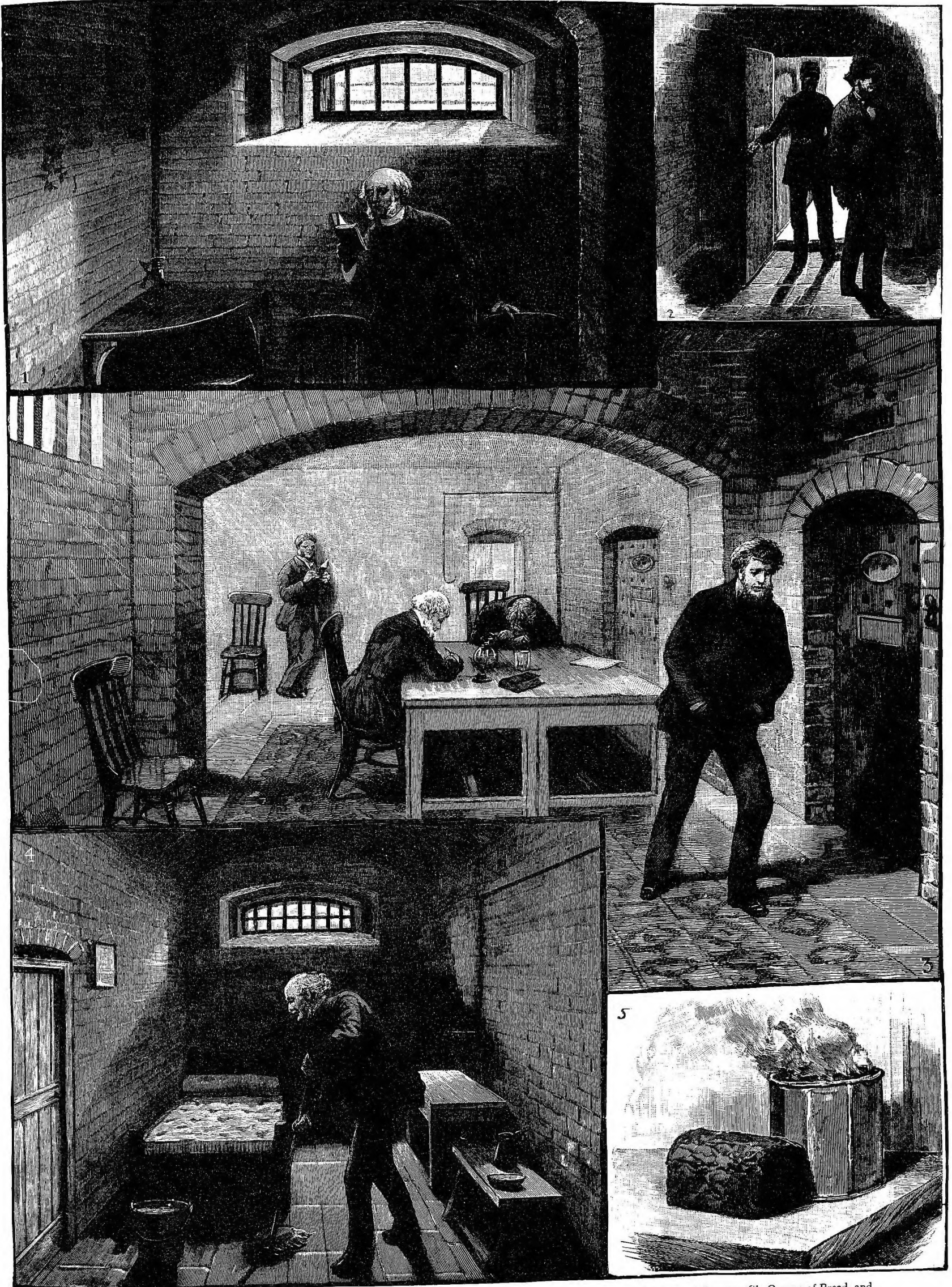
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,019.—VOL. XXXIX.  
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES  
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post 9½d.]



1. Not much of a View  
2. An Exit

3. Cell of a First Class Misdemeanant  
4. Cell of an Ordinary Misdemeanant

5. Breakfast and Supper: Six Ounces of Bread, and  
Three-Quarters of a Pint of Cocoa

## IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT

THE EXPERIENCES OF A CLERGYMAN IN A COUNTY GAOL—FROM SKETCHES BY HIMSELF



## Tropics of the Week

**THE DISASTER IN AMERICA.**—In the modern world there has rarely been a disaster more terrible than that of the Conemaugh Valley. It would be impossible to conceive a scene more appalling than the rush of the flood which suddenly broke from the reservoir above Johnstown, carrying death and ruin along its course. Strangely enough, the calamity was not wholly unexpected. The reservoir was a lake about three-and-a-half miles long, over a mile wide, and in some parts 100 feet deep; and it was about 300 feet higher than the lower end of the valley. The dam by which its waters were kept back was known to be unsound, and leakages were from time to time reported. A sort of Damocles' sword, therefore, continually hung over the people of Johnstown and the neighbouring villages; but they seem to have become accustomed to the idea of danger, and even at the last moment, when escape was still possible, the majority of them paid no attention to officials who warned them of their peril. Calamities similar in kind, although on a less dreadful scale, have not been altogether unknown in this country. At Bradfield, for instance, 250 persons were drowned through the bursting of a reservoir in the year 1864; and, twelve years earlier, ninety persons lost their lives in the same way at Holmfirth, near Huddersfield. In a good many places in England there are reservoirs at a greater elevation than towns or villages near them, and in all such cases it is imperative that there should never be the faintest shadow of doubt as to the security of the embankments. It is hardly necessary to say that the disaster in Pennsylvania has excited deep and universal sympathy, and that all possible help is being given to the survivors by the generous American public.

**BIMETALLISM.**—The bimetallicists had a four hours' innings in the House of Commons on Tuesday, but, although the debate was nominally adjourned, it is unlikely that, in the present condition of public business, the subject will be discussed again this session. As his opponents generously admitted, Mr. Chaplin has learnt the secret of imparting to this complicated and difficult problem a certain degree of popularity; and the deputation which recently visited Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen comprised several persons whose opinions ought to carry weight. And so their opinions would, if they were unanimous. But the worst of it is that these good folks are all at loggerheads among themselves. They have not made up their minds—supposing that Parliament should decide to legislate on the subject—what ought to be the established ratio between gold and silver; they are not sure whether the existing appreciation of gold and depreciation of silver is a benefit or a calamity to the people of India, in which country the revolution which has taken place in the respective values of the two precious metals is most distinctly visible, since the rupee which, not many years ago, was worth in English money about 2s. 2d., is now worth only about 1s. 5d. Parenthetically it may be observed that to military men and civilians engaged in India, who have to transmit a large per-centage of their earnings to England for the maintenance of their families, the alteration in the rate of exchange is a grievous hardship, it simply means the confiscation of a considerable portion of their nominal incomes, and ought to be remedied by a corresponding readjustment of their salaries; but that the Natives suffer through the low price of the rupee is by no means clear. As for this country, the real source of the popularity of the bi-metallic agitation is indicated by the reply of the ingenious trades-unionist who candidly said:—"We know nothing about the subject, but we think something may be made out of it." He, and many other persons also, long for the inflated prices and the feverish commercial activity of 1873. But would the enforcement of an arbitrary standard bring back that golden era? We doubt it vehemently; while, on the other hand, the change might produce most serious evils, among others, it would compel creditors to accept part-payment as a legal discharge of the debts due to them, and would, in fact, place them on the same footing as the unlucky Anglo-Indian who has to pay for his children's schooling at home in depreciated rupees.

**VOLUNTEER EQUIPMENT.**—The appeal of the Lord Mayor to the people of London, to supply their thirty-one thousand Volunteers with campaigning equipment, can only be excused on the ground of necessity. There are these citizen soldiers ready and willing to serve their country against an invader, and quite competent to give a good account of themselves in that endeavour. But they are deficient of certain requisites for field service, and since the State will not supply these essentials, and they themselves cannot, there is nothing for it but to fall back on public liberality. And all the more reason for doing so just now, when the War Office, speaking through the Adjutant-General, warns the Volunteers that regiments which do not obtain a supply of all the articles specified in Class I will be liable to have their capitation allowances withheld. That, of course, would mean instant bankruptcy, followed by the dissolution of the corps. Let it not be asked why the

State, which thus officially pronounces field equipment an essential of efficiency, does not furnish the missing articles. That is our queer insular way; it is one of our fine old crusted jokes to spoil a ship for a ha'porth of tar. And a costly joke, too, is the present one. The large sum spent annually on the Volunteers is now frankly admitted to be so much money wasted because the force could not take the field without equipment, and of that the greater part is destitute. So far as London and the other great and wealthy cities are concerned, this fatal defect will be at last remedied; it would be defamatory to doubt that the amount required at each large centre of population will be at once subscribed by those who do not care to join the Volunteers in person. But there are places where assistance must come from the outside if the local corps is to be saved from insolvency and disbandment.

**M. CARNOT.**—When M. Carnot became President of the French Republic, no one supposed that he would achieve a brilliant success in his great office. It was expected, however, that he would discharge his duties efficiently and with dignity, and these expectations have been fully realised. He has had the sense to understand that his countrymen like some degree of display and splendour in connection with State functions, and he has not been afraid to show himself on occasions when it has seemed likely that his presence would be of public service. Hitherto the chief defect of the Republic has been that the people have not been able to associate with it the idea of stability. Ministry has followed Ministry with extraordinary rapidity, and no single party in the Chamber has ever succeeded in forming a compact majority. Had M. Grévy been a statesman of energy and resource, it might have been possible for him to secure general respect for the Presidency; but during his term of office he kept steadily in the background, and no one thought of him as a real power in the State. Perhaps M. Carnot may do what his predecessor failed to accomplish. At Calais, and in the other northern towns he has visited, he has been received with remarkable cordiality; and this is only one of many indications that his name is beginning to be familiar to the mass of the people, and that they are learning to regard him as in every sense a most worthy representative of Republican institutions. If his popularity increases he may soon become a formidable rival of General Boulanger, who probably feels that there may, after all, be some truth in the old saying about the connection between "out of sight" and "out of mind." M. Carnot's popularity is a much healthier symptom than General Boulanger's. It carries with it no menace to the Republic, and may be a powerful guarantee for the maintenance of freedom.

**MR. GLADSTONE'S WESTERN TOUR.**—Although persons of various political views differ about him in other respects, we must all agree that the ex-Premier is a wonderful man. Here he is, on the verge of eighty, just starting on a tour, the programme of which would to most of us suggest a good deal of hard work. It is quite true that a good many poor fellows in city pent would eagerly accept a part of the arrangement, namely, the leisurely passage in a fine steam-yacht along such picturesque coasts as those of Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall, varied by calling in at such interesting havens as those of Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Falmouth. But "the old Parliamentary hand" would consider his time wasted if he indulged in nothing more than a pleasure trip. Independent of the fresh air which he hopes to inhale, and of the pretty landscapes which will charm his eyes, he has an important political mission to execute. Devonshire and Cornwall (a few such enlightened places as Camborne excepted) are sunk in the slough of Unionism. He is going to convert them to Home Rule. This is the part of the programme at which ordinary tourists, especially if nearly fourscore years old, would wince. For it will involve a lot of speechifying at railway stations and in assembly rooms, receiving of wearisome addresses, and so forth. But to Mr. Gladstone public speaking is as easy as breathing is to most of us; and above all he has a sublime confidence in his own powers of persuasion. Besides, he has a fervent belief in St. Paul's maxim of being all things to all men. In Scotland, by virtue of his ancestry, he feels that his foot is on his native heath; in Wales, his marriage and his long residence at Hawarden make him a genuine Cymri; when lately in Italy he seemed as thorough a son of the soil as Garibaldi or the Pope; and in Wessex no doubt he will prove to his own satisfaction that, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remains—a Cornishman. Viva! Viva! Tre, Pol, and Pen!

**ST. PAUL'S REREDOS.**—Both parties to the regrettable reredos dispute must be profoundly disappointed by one result of the judicial decision. Instead of agitating society to its depths, it has scarcely ruffled the surface. Will not the litigants be wise in time—wise enough to appreciate the meaning of this writing on the wall? It signifies that the public, except the few who relish theological bitterness, are weary to death of these wretched squabbles about trifles. The enemies of the Church are full of glee, her true friends full of sorrow; both see that this "house divided against itself" cannot stand. But the Big-Endians and the Little-Endians care nothing for that; the egg must be broken in

the proper fashion, each party declares, though the heaven fall. Without entering into the question whether certain ornamentation of the reredos is or is not permissible, it must occur to every impartial mind that the Cathedral authorities erred in sanctioning a design so certain to give offence. It may be irrational for bulls to wax wrath and charge at the sight of red rags, but, that being their nature, it is the part of prudence to refrain from exhibiting the obnoxious colours. And Christian charity, too—what a fine display of Christian charity it is before a sorrowful world, for one set of Church people to be doing all in their power to tread on the tenderest corns of another set. It scarcely seems to be a very close following of that Pauline teaching which urged Christians to abstain from meat sooner than offend the weaker brethren. Instead of following that conciliatory counsel there are many of our clergy, both High and Low Church, who would apparently eat meat publicly all the day long if it gave offence to the other set.

**SIR HERCULES ROBINSON.**—Members of all parties agree that Sir Hercules Robinson is one of the best of those public men who have done good work for the State in the colonies. As Governor of Hong Kong, of Ceylon, of New South Wales, and of New Zealand, he won golden opinions by his tact and energy; and in Cape Colony, where he has been Governor for nine years, he has also done much excellent service. It is to be regretted, therefore, that he was willing to return to the Cape only on conditions with which the Imperial Government were unable to comply. The Government cannot be justly blamed for declining to accept his terms. It is perfectly natural, no doubt, that the people of Cape Colony should wish to have a free hand in Bechuanaland, and in those regions to the north of that country which are destined sooner or later to be incorporated with the British Empire. In the end they will certainly have their way, for countries to which there is no access by sea could not be permanently governed as Crown Colonies. For the present, however, there are urgent reasons why England should not relax her hold over the territories which have been won wholly by her own efforts. Whether the Cape Colonists have fair intentions with regard to the natives of Bechuanaland or not, the essential fact of the situation is that the natives do not wish to be made subject to their rule. Without exception, the native chiefs are convinced that they can hope to maintain their rights only as long as they have the active protection of the Home Government. The policy of Sir Hercules Robinson is to restrict Imperial control within the narrowest possible limits, so that the Government, when this was fully explained, had no alternative but to look about for a successor whose convictions would enable him to act in accordance with their ideas as to Imperial and native interests. Lord Knutsford ought to lose no time in proclaiming fully and frankly what those ideas are, and in making provision for their being carried out. The people of Cape Colony have a right to know definitely, and soon, how the questions in which they are so much interested are to be at least provisionally settled.

**SECRET SERVICE MONEY.**—But for the knowledge of the fact that Obstruction during the last few days meant a reduction in the length of the Whitsuntide Recess, the discussion on this subject might have expanded into an acrimonious debate occupying an entire sitting. Mr. Bradlaugh was sorely exercised over the vote of 35,000*l.* for Secret Service Money, observing that it became the manifest interest of the subordinate agents to whom funds from this source were entrusted to engage in the manufacture of crime, and he suggested that the expenditure of such moneys should be supervised by the Comptroller and Auditor-General. The Home Secretary—who was compelled to speak with reticence, otherwise the term Secret Service would have no meaning at all—doubted whether the suggestion made by Mr. Bradlaugh would be practically effective. In his opinion the chief safeguard was that the Minister should employ as his principal assistant a thoroughly capable man. He added that he had done all in his power to discourage the existence of that odious being—too well known in continental countries—the *agent provocateur*. There can be no doubt that Secret Service Money is not in itself a nice thing. Neither is capital punishment a nice thing. If people would leave off murdering, there need be no hanging. If other people would cease to get up murderous conspiracies, the vote for Secret Service might be reduced to much more modest dimensions. As the world now is, both hanging and spying are necessities—disagreeable, if we please, but nevertheless necessities. But for the existence of such a fund it would have been almost impossible to cope with the designs of the successive dynamite conspirators, especially as the schemes were hatched in foreign countries, from the Governments of which little or no assistance could be obtained. It is chiefly due to the zeal and activity of the agents paid by Secret Service Money that so many of these abominable schemes were nipped in the bud, which might otherwise have produced horrors far exceeding that of the Clerkenwell explosion. We may add that no one is more fully aware of this fact than certain gentlemen who were Cabinet Ministers between 1880 and 1886, but who now strive to palliate the crimes which they then vigorously attempted to repress.









THE ROSE QUEEN, WHITELAND'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA  
BRINGING PRESENTS OF FLOWERS TO THE QUEEN

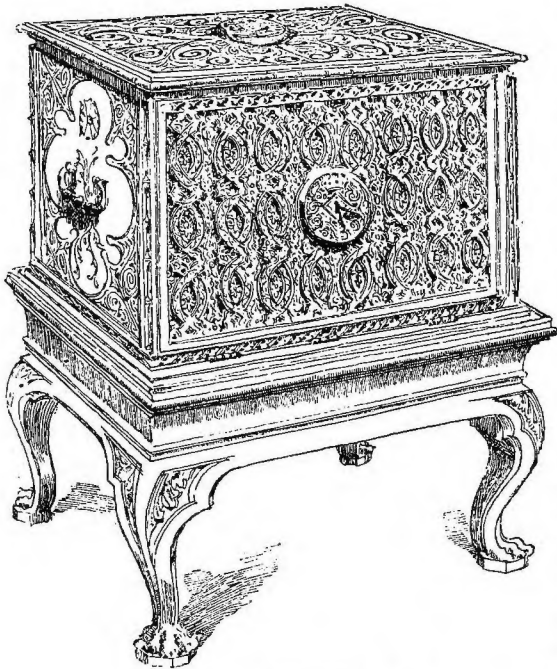


# WELBECK ABBEY—I.

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND  
FROM DRAWINGS BY H. C. BREWER



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND



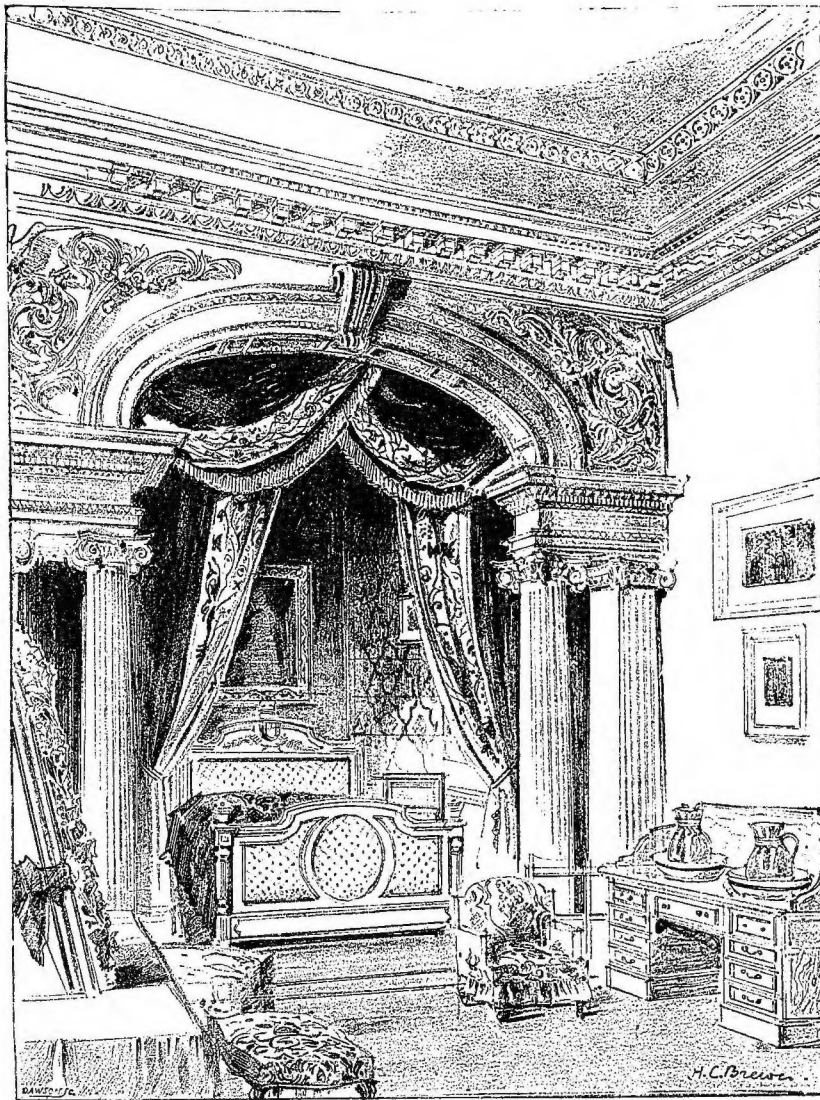
QUEEN MARY II.'S JEWEL CASE

WELBECK ABBEY, the mansion home of the Dukes of Portland, of which I have undertaken to give a brief historical and descriptive sketch, is situated some four miles south of the quiet little Nottinghamshire town of Worksop. It lies secluded within the bosom of one of those magnificent parks which are the special pride of English scenery, possessing all the varied charms that bold undulation, wood, and water, can give. Along the winding vale in front of the Abbey a series of five beautiful lakes, of which, however, only three can be seen from

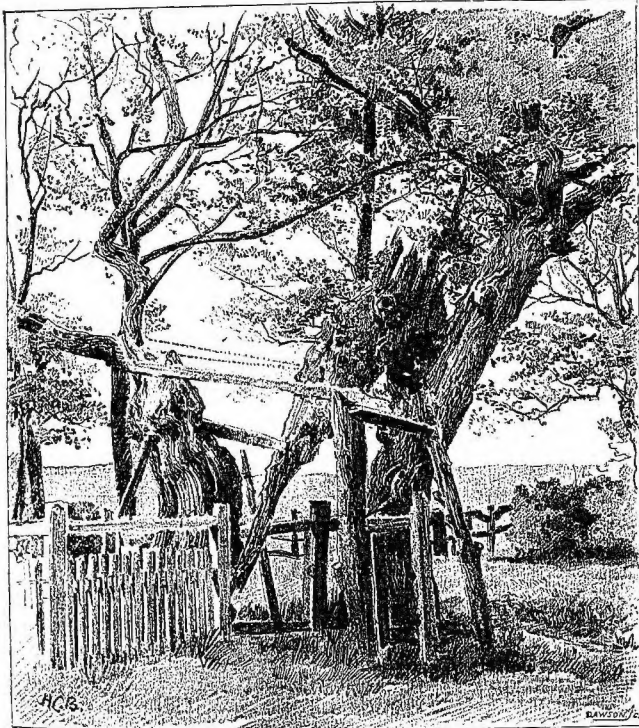
the Abbey, spread themselves irregularly out, in whose silvery mirrors, on a still summer day, the landscape seems to view itself and sleep and dream, only disturbed occasionally by the herds of deer trooping down to quench their thirst, or rippled by the numerous swans and wild-fowl that sport themselves on their surface. These lakes, together, extend some four or five miles, and cover hundreds of acres.

One entrance to Welbeck is through magnificent hammered-iron bronzed oak-leaf gates between the second and third (far the largest and most picturesque) of these lakes. A broken and undulating landscape rises on either side, studded here and there with clumps of beech, oak, fir, chestnut; while woods on woods heap up rich piles of foliage to form the higher background. Through these woods are miles of lovely walks and drives, from which, now and again, you get peeps of the shimmering lakes below and the pretty surrounding scenery of Nottinghamshire. You are in fact wandering through what was once the great forest of Sherwood. Accordingly, some of the most renowned and time-honoured trees of England lend the solemn grace of antiquity to the other beauties of the park.

First among them is the "Greendale Oak," about half-a-mile south of the Abbey, which is visited year by year by thousands of tourists and holiday-makers "doing the round of the dukeries." Authorities differ in the computation of its age, from a maximum of fifteen hundred to a minimum of eight hundred years. This venerable tree was once a giant of some forty feet in circumference at the base, and its boughs overshadowed a wide area. It is now a complete wreck of its former majestic self, but grand and solemn as a ruin. There is but one blasted remnant of its spreading arms which still, spring by spring, responds to the mysterious pulsations of Nature's mighty heart, and seems to protest against age and weakness and Time's decay. When one stands beneath this tree and tries to realise its vast antiquity by considering that its history embraces a fifth or sixth of the whole life of man on the earth, and that it has witnessed the birth and death of fifty generations, it becomes a sacred object, and, for the moment, we render Druid worship to it. And, as a venerable object, it is preserved with religious care, being supported on all sides by props and chains. In 1724, its trunk had become so hollow that it was capable of allowing a cumbrous carriage of the time, with two horses abreast,



ALCOVE IN STATE BED ROOM

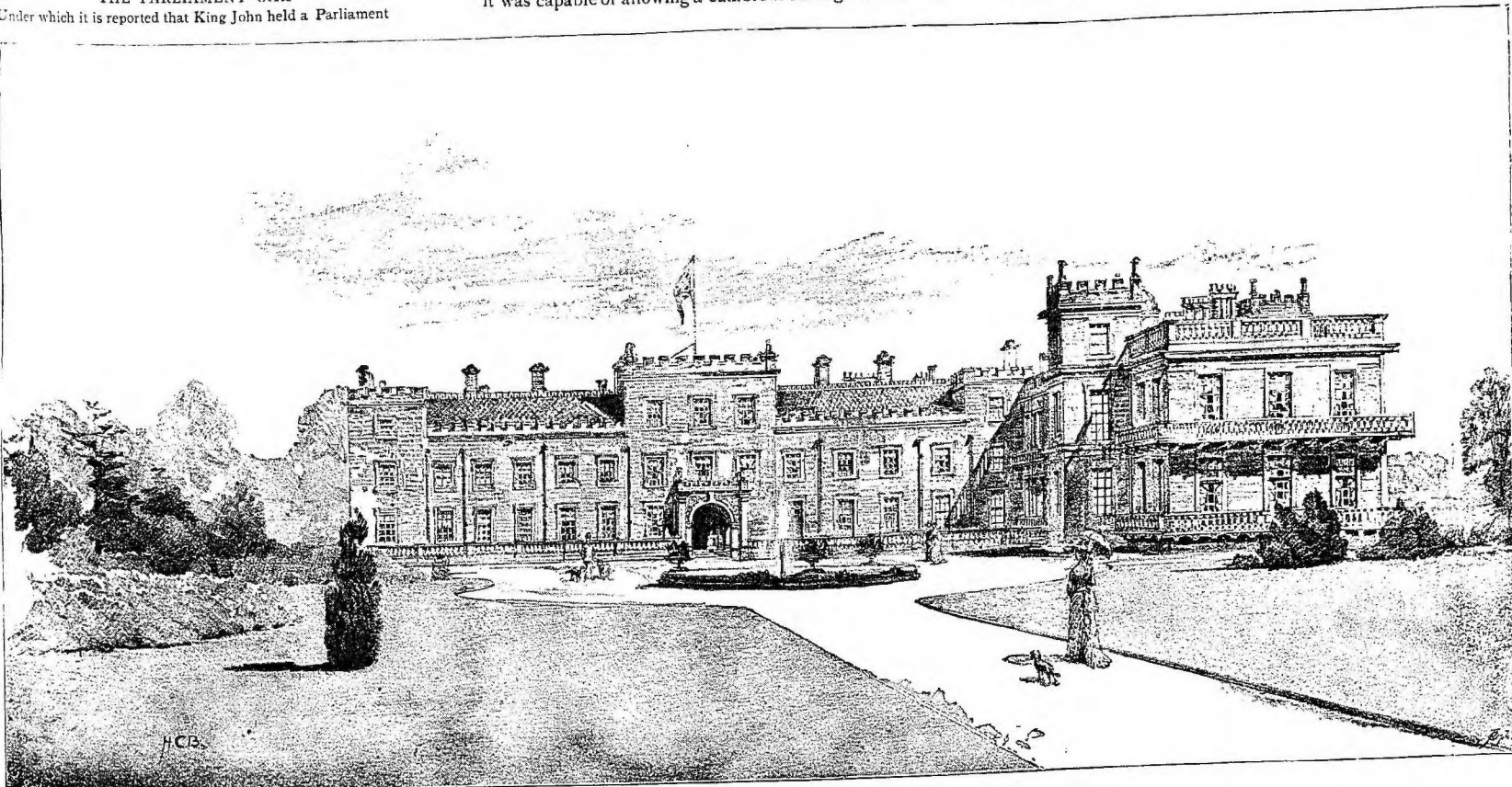


THE PARLIAMENT OAK

Under which it is reported that King John held a Parliament

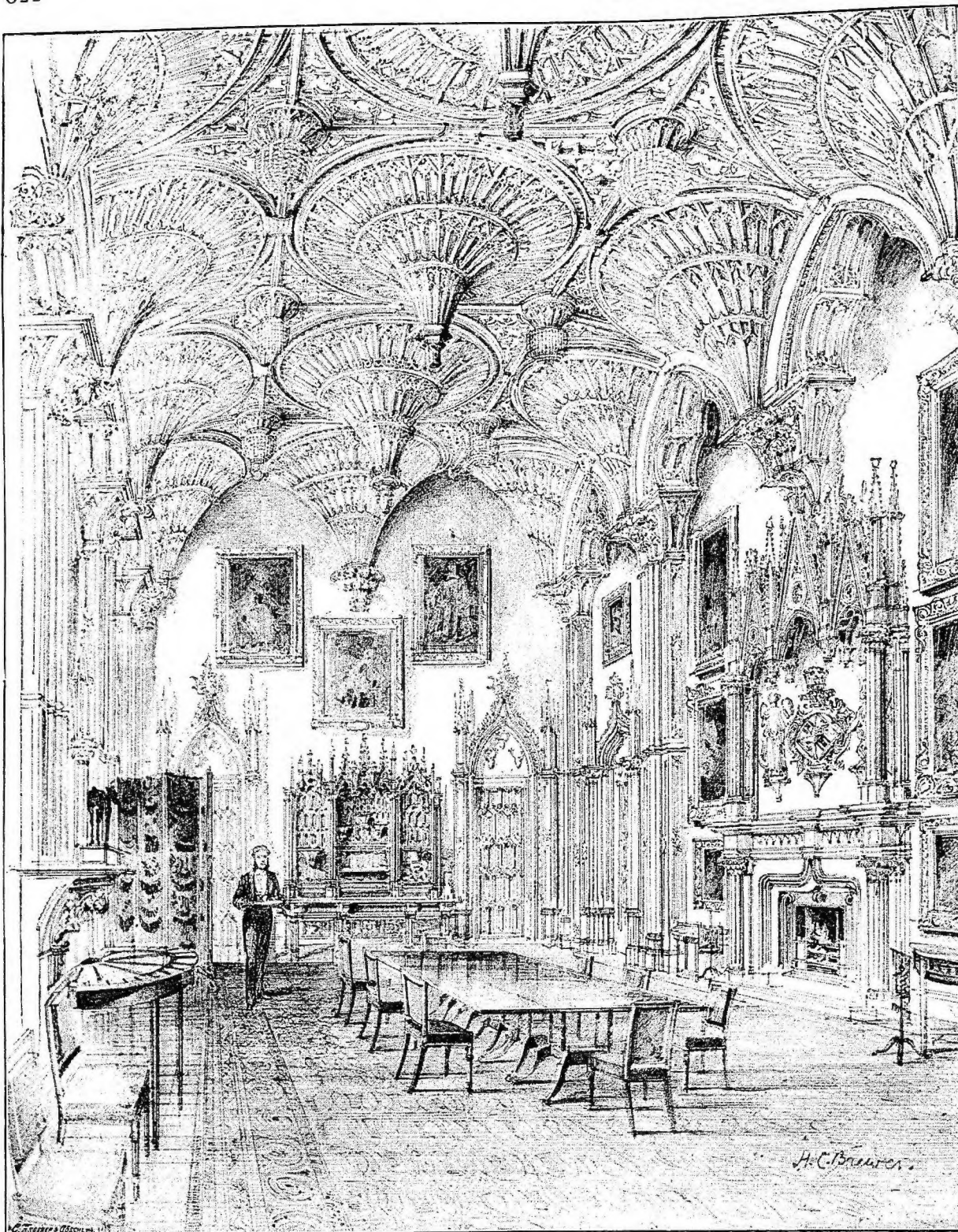


THE GREENDALE OAK



FRONT VIEW





THE DINING ROOM—GOTHIC HALL

of Stephen, when every man's hand was against his brother, he built a castle at Cuckney, traces of which yet remain, and took an active part in the war between Stephen and Henry, afterwards Henry II.

After the pacification of the kingdom, and Henry having succeeded in 1154 to his rival's throne, Thomas, turning his mind to religious matters, founded the Abbey of Welbeck, a work which seems to have been already contemplated as early as 1140 in Stephen's reign, as a grant of that date was made for its partial endowment by Ralph de Bellofago. The commencement of the work was probably delayed by the war. The monastery, when completed, was dedicated to God and St. James, and granted by its founder to Sir Berengarius as its first Abbot, and "to all his successors and brethren regularly serving God there according to the order of the Præmonstratenses" (commonly called "White Canons" from the colour of their habit), "for his own soul and father and mother's, and all his ancestors, and all theirs, from whom he had unjustly taken anything."

The Abbey had a long roll of benefactors of several counties, whose names and grants it would be tedious to mention. I will, however, give one as an illustration of the religion of the time. In 1329 John de Hotham, Bishop of Ely, bought considerable lands in Cuckney and its neighbourhood, all of which he made over to the Abbey, on condition that it found eight canons "to daily celebrate divine offices for the soul of King Edward (III.) and his ancestors," for the souls of several of his relations, "and especially for the health of his own soul while he should live, and after his death;" and that on every anniversary of its commemorations of the dead "his own soul should be therein absolved by name." Extraordinary pledges were demanded that these conditions should be "sacredly observed for ever." In 1512 the Church of St. James had become so great and famous that the custody of all the houses of this order was conferred on its Abbot.

The records, alas! give us no peep behind the scenes of the private and domestic life of these old monks who masquerade so strangely through our fancy, "with their rosaries, breviaries, with their monk-Latin, shaven crowns, hair-shirts, and vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience."

But we may be sure they were men of like passions with ourselves. Their life, indeed, had a different furniture—their whole ways and workings were different; but real human hearts were beating beneath their strange outward dress. "It was no dreamland, the earth they trod; but on the same solid arena they worked and fought out their painful life-battle: and round the little islet of their life rolled for ever, as round ours still rolls, the illimitable ocean, tinting all things with its eternal hues and reflexes, making strange prophetic music. In their poor way they bore testimony in their generations that to quote the same great writer, "this earthly life and its riches and possessions and good and evil hap are not intrinsically a reality at all, but are a shadow of realities—eternal, infinite: that this time-world, as an air-image, fearfully emblematic, plays and flickers in the grand, still mirror of eternity: and man's little life has duties that are great, that are alone great, and go up to heaven and down to hell."

Besides holding up an ideal as high as the age they lived in could appreciate, they did good, lasting work. They redeemed waste lands, cleared forests, drained fens, quarried stone, and built the unrivalled churches in which we worship: they rescued the wreck of ancient literature from universal conflagration: kept alive the dying embers of art and science: and, like a Noah's Ark in a deluge of barbarism, saved the principles of law and order and civilisation. But it is the law of ideals—ideal monasteries and all—to be a sort of moral moon, with their appointed periods of waxing, fulness, and waning. It is for ever true—

The old order changeth, giving place to new;  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Thus monasticism did its work. It fell into decay: it passed from poverty to honour, from honour to wealth, from wealth to vice, from vice to corruption, and ready for a Henry VIII. So he came, and Welbeck Abbey was dissolved, and most of its lands sold to George Perpoint, of Walley (close by), for 617*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* "The site of the Abbey, and all the houses and lands beneath the site of it," and

to pass through. There is an etching, done by George Vertue in 1727, showing such a carriage with six horses being driven through. Tradition says, the opening was made in consequence of an after-dinner bet of Henry, the first Duke of Portland, that there was a tree in his park through which he could drive a carriage and four. Thus this forest king was embowelled, and out of its stout heart, which had buried for centuries the secret of the sunshine and storms and tempests that had made it strong, were fashioned cabinets and other articles for the Countess of Oxford, one, the famous "Greendale Oak" Cabinet, which is among the chief treasures of Welbeck furniture. Besides this hoary monarch, there are the "Seven Sisters," the "Porter Oaks," the "Ruysdael," and others, "shattered, hollow, moss-grown; their leafy honours nearly departed, but, like mouldering towers, noble and picturesque in their decay, and giving evidence, even in their ruins, of their ancient grandeur."

Fancy traces back their history into the dim past, when "Merrie Sherwood" was the scene of the exploits and revellings of Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, and other stalwart fellows of the outlaw gang.

He clothed himself in scarlet then,  
His men were all in green:  
A finer show throughout the world  
In no place could be seen.  
Good Lord! it was a gallant sight  
To see them all in a row  
With every man a good broadsword,  
And eke a good yew bow!

Little of the primeval forest remains intact. The country over which it once extended its broad solitudes and shades is now an open smiling region of cultivated farms and parks, and enlivened with villages.

Welbeck and its park (the deer parks within iron fencing contain 1,800 acres, and are ten miles round), anciently formed part of the adjoining parish of Cuckney, which in those days was divided into three manors, one of them being held by Sweyn the Saxon. But the period of Saxon sway in England was near its end.

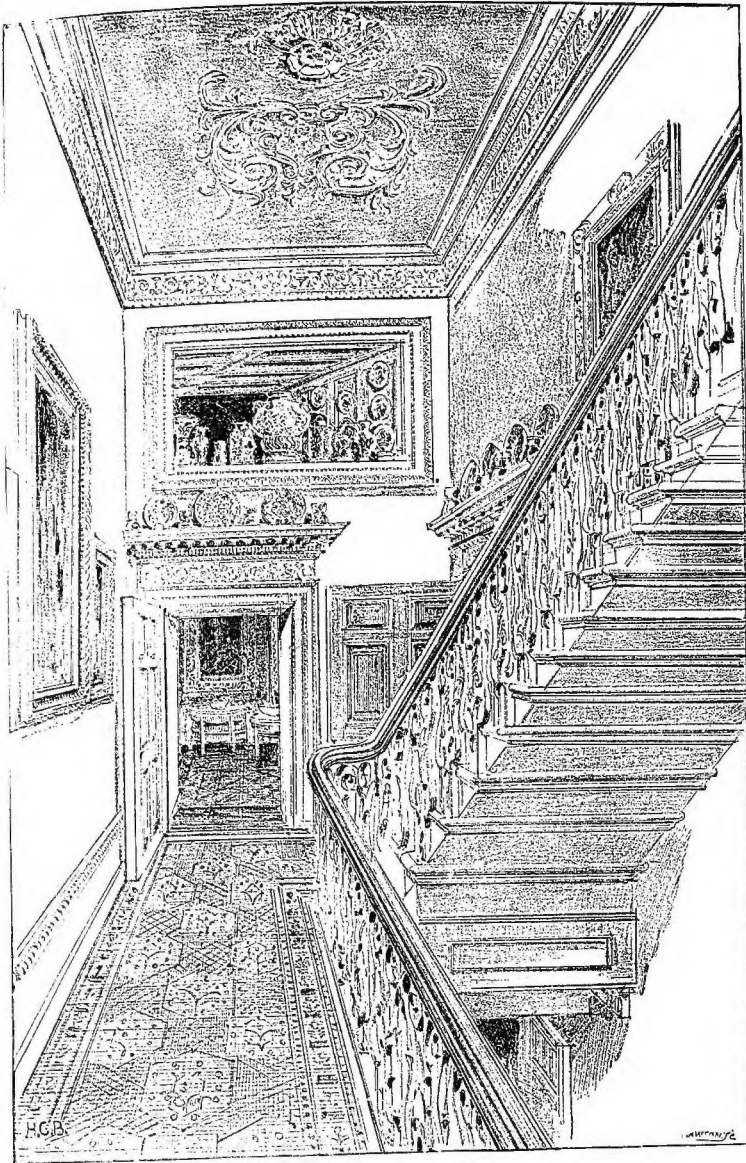
The Norman William was marshalling his arms and manning his vessels for a struggle with Harold for the English Crown. With the Conqueror's host came a certain Jocus le Flemangh, courting fortune. When this adventurer had helped to slay Harold and reduce the kingdom, he obtained of William as the reward of the service of his sword the third part of a Knight's fee, which chanced to be the manor of the luckless Sweyn.

Of this Jocus sprung a great-grandson Thomas, called in the records Thomas de Cuckney (old spelling Kukeney, &c.), a favourite of King Henry I., nourished at his Court (*nutritus in curia*), and like his great grandfather, a warlike man (*vir bellicosus in tota guerra*). In the turbulent reign

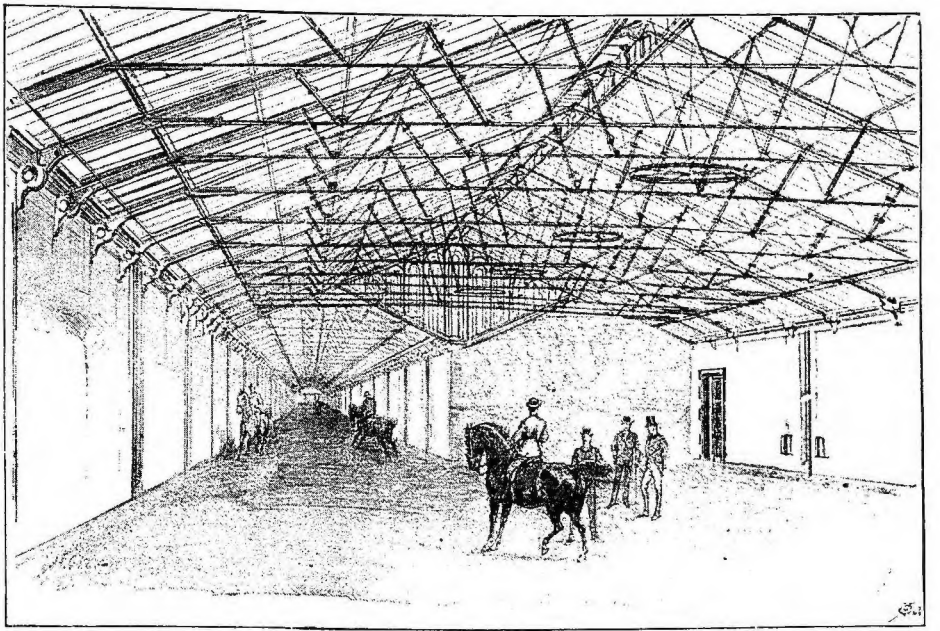


LADY BOLSOVER'S SITTING ROOM





THE STAIRCASE—OXFORD WING



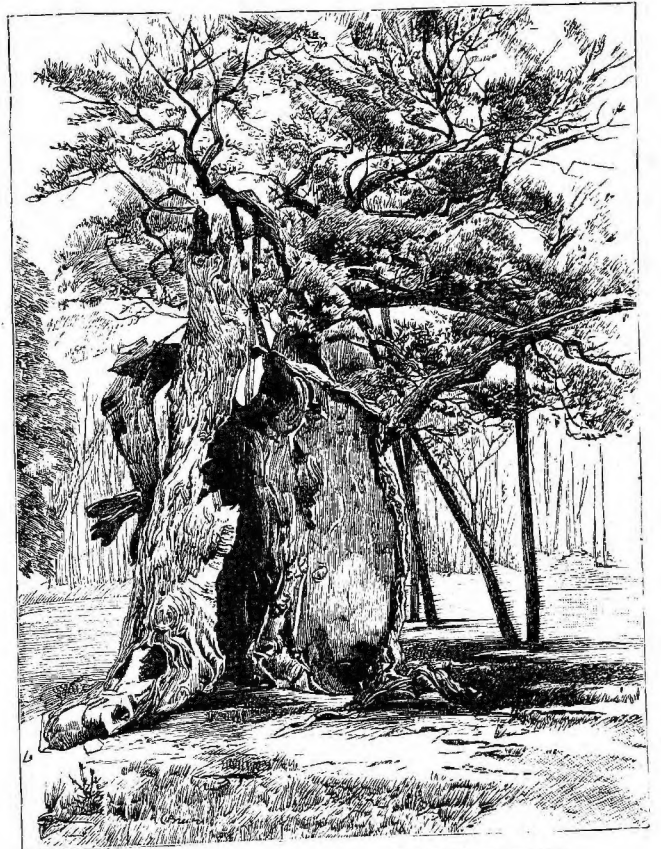
THE TAN GALLOP (A QUARTER OF A MILE LONG)

his absence entrusted its keeping to his eldest daughter Jane. He was for sixteen years an exile, living on the precarious credit of strangers and foreigners, reduced at length to pawn his wife's trinkets, and sometimes "so near being forced to starve as not to know where his next meal was to come from." In the mean time, all his estates were confiscated by the Parliament, of which he was ultimately enabled to redeem only a moiety. Among these, the manor and house of Welbeck, which, however, the spoilers had stripped of its very rich and noble furniture, curious cabinets, silver plate, &c., "leaving only a few old feather-beds fit for no use." Yet his patient wife and gentle biographer assures us she had heard him say, "Out of a passionate zeal and loyalty, that he would willingly sacrifice himself, and all his posterity, for the sake of his Majesty and the Royal race. Nor did he ever repine either at his losses or sufferings, but rejoiced rather that he was able to suffer for his King and country." "After his long banishment and return to England, his ruined estate was like an earthquake, and his debts like thunder-

bolts, by which he was in danger of being utterly undone, had not patience and prudence, together with Heaven's blessings, saved him from that threatening ruin."

William Cavendish, already before the war, had shown his attachment to the King, and more than once entertained him with unparalleled magnificence. I cannot forbear giving his wife's account of these entertainments.

"When," she writes, his "Majesty was going into Scotland to be crowned, he took his way through Nottinghamshire, and, lying at Worksop Manor, hardly two miles distant from Welbeck, my lord invited him to dinner, which he was graciously pleased to accept of. This entertainment cost my lord between four and five thousand pounds, which his Majesty liked so well that a year after his return out of Scotland he was pleased to send my lord word that her Majesty the Queen was resolved to make a progress into the northern parts, desiring him to prepare the like entertainment for her, as he had formerly done for him; which my lord did, and endeavoured for with all possible care and industry, sparing nothing that might add splendour to the feast, which both their Majesties were pleased to honour with their presence. Ben Jonson he employed in fitting such scenes and speeches as he could devise, and sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait on their Majesties; and, in



ROBIN HOOD'S OAK, OR THE BUTCHERS' SHAMBLES

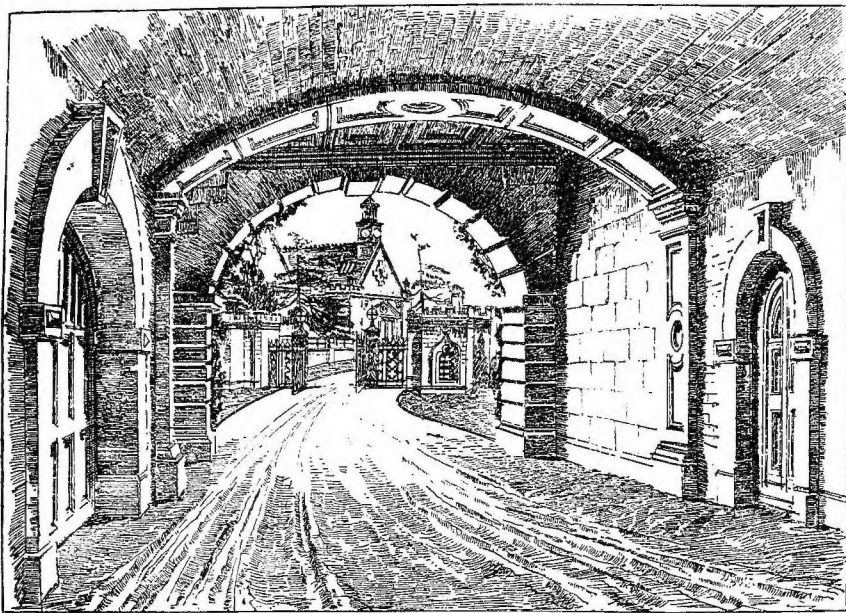
two granges, several closes and groves, Henry granted to Richard Whalley and his heirs. After passing through two or three other hands, it was eventually purchased by Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, better known as "Bess of Hardwick," and settled by her, as we learn from an inscription on a portrait of that remarkable lady, upon Sir Charles Cavendish, her third son by her second husband, Sir William Cavendish. William, the son and heir of Sir Charles, and therefore the grandson of the illustrious and fascinating Countess, afterwards became the first Duke of Newcastle. He introduces us to a most eventful epoch of our history.

We have a charming life of this great man, by his second wife, Margaret Lucas, a woman of rare gifts and learning, author of many plays, poems, and philosophical essays. From the outbreak of the Rebellion in 1642, to the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660, William Cavendish was the unwavering follower of the fortunes of the Stuarts, and the mainstay of their cause—we only wish it had been a better one. He was Captain-General of the Northern and Eastern Counties, and from his entering into the war to his self-banishment after the fatal battle of Marston Moor, "when all was lost," raised over 100,000 men, and spent prodigious sums of money for Charles. He was a man of heroic courage, great military capacity, and incorruptible integrity. His military achievements belong to general history, to which I leave them, only mentioning that he converted Welbeck into a garrison, and at one time during



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE SOUTH





ENTRANCE TO BRANCH TUNNEL

smaller scale, he thus "expressed his love and duty to his sovereign."

For these sacrifices he was rewarded, as he well deserved to be, with many marks of loyal favour. He was created, at different times, Baron Cavendish of Bolsover, Ogle, Hepple, and Bothal, Viscount Mansfield; Earl of Ogle; Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was Governor to the young Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., and held several important offices of State. But enough of his public life. We are chiefly interested in his private life and doings at Welbeck. I must return to the beginning of this.

The Abbey, says Thoroton, "lay buried in the ruin of its roof" when he inherited it. Upon and out of these ruins he raised his "fine house." He built, however, upon the ground story of the Abbey, whose foundations, massive walls, arches, and pillars still support the edifice reared upon them. This ground-story, now the only part of earliest days, has suffered considerable metamorphosis, but there is a good deal left intact.

There is an apartment 24 ft. 6 in. square and 12 ft. high at the apex of the vaulted roof, which is in four square segments meeting in the centre, and supported by a pillar about 6 ft. high to the capital. This is now the servants' hall, and may very well have answered the similar purpose of refectory for the monks. Besides this there are six smaller apartments, one of which has a perfect Norman doorway. These may have made as good monks' cells or dormitories, as three of them now make servants' bedrooms. These are on the right of the main passage as you enter; on the left are two others, and remnants of a staircase which led to the story above.

In one of those rooms two perfect skeletons buried without coffins were recently found beneath the floor, and others in various places, some with and some without stone coffins. On this basement, then, the noble Duke built his mansion, which forms the old part of the present Abbey. The west side, on which is the main entrance, has been embattled and otherwise greatly altered, but the north side, with its three high-pitched gables, and the east side, with its nine gables, remain all but untouched.

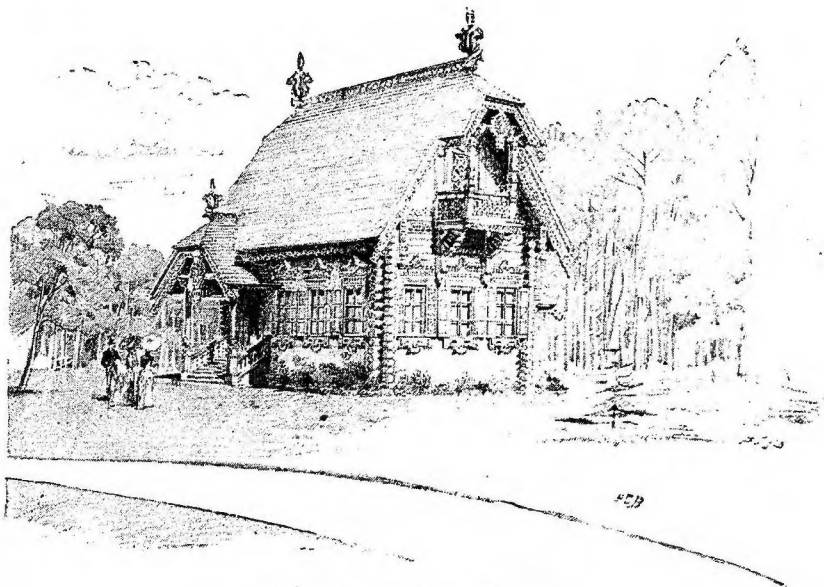
The prime pastime and recreation of the Duke being the heroic arts of horsemanship and weapons, of which he was an unrivalled master, in 1623, while yet Viscount Mansfield, he built the old riding house just off the north-west corner of the Abbey, to which we must return by and by. Besides being the greatest master of horsemanship and weapons of his time, he was a lyric and dramatic poet, "as good as any"—at least, his wife-biographer says so. He was fond, also, of music and architecture. His behaviour "was such as might be a pattern to all gentlemen." He was an incomparable master of his servants, "who mostly lived and died in his service, thinking themselves as happy as the world could make them." Abstemious himself, he was nevertheless a generous and bountiful dispenser of hospitality. Altogether a man of many noble and lovable parts. I have become strongly attached to him, which accounts for my taking up more time with him than my readers will thank me for. In 1676, at the good old age of eighty-four, having sailed the sea of life, on which he found both calms and tempests, the voyage o'er, he made "the quiet haven of us all."

We must pursue our history now by leaps and bounds over some genealogical ground. We come thus to Lady Margaret Cavendish, the youngest of the three daughters of Henry, the second Duke of Newcastle, and granddaughter to our hero duke. She married John Holles, fourth Earl of Clare, and owner of Clumber: thus these estates were united. For, by his "good conduct and noble behaviour he wrought so far in the favour of the Duke, his father-in-law, that he left him the whole of his great estate." He was one of the fifty against the forty-nine peers who, after the abdication of James, voted

against a Regency, and for declaring William, Prince of Orange, King. For his great merits and services to William during the Revolution, in 1691 the King created him Duke of Newcastle, the title having become extinct in Henry by failure of male issue. He received the King and Court at Welbeck when the King was making a royal progress through the Kingdom, and gave a magnificent entertainment. He was distinguished for his eminent virtues, especially for his courage, love of country, constancy in friendship, and zealous support of religion. He was Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, Privy Councillor, &c., "to all which titles and honours his personal merit gave a lustre." He died at Welbeck from a fall from his horse, while stag-hunting in 1711. By his death his vast estates (he was one of the richest nobles in the kingdom) were much divided. He bequeathed Clumber to his sister's son, Thomas Pelham, second Baron Pelham, and Welbeck and Clumber were again separated, Welbeck, Bolsover, and the other Cavendish estates going to his only daughter, Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles. This lady in 1713 married Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, "a man eminently distinguished for disinterestedness in public and private life." He was one of the principal patrons of the age of literature and learned men. He was himself a great scholar of antiquarian tastes, and, like his father, a great collector of ancient manuscripts and rarities in literature and art. He founded the Harleian Library, a work for which all historians owe him a debt of gratitude. His Countess survived him many years, residing principally at Welbeck, where she occupied herself, as we shall see, very busily with bricks and mortar, leaving her mark, "H.C.H.O.M." on every part of the building. Of this Earl and Countess there was again an only daughter, the Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, celebrated by Prior as "My noble, lovely, little Peggy." William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland, wedded the heiress in 1734, and thus became the owner of Welbeck about 200 years after the effete monks had received their *congé*. So we are brought safely, if tediously, down to the name of the line of the present noble owners. The family of Bentinck is of the ancient nobility of the Duchy of Guelder, where, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, a Knight of the name is known to have possessed a castle of Bening, near Gorssel. Hans William Bentinck, that scion of the race who took root in England 200 years ago, here won for himself and his descendants still greater dignities and honours, which have lost none of their lustre.

I am, by the way, as firm a believer as Darwin in the paramount importance of the principle of inheritance, and in the inspiring effect of rank and a name made glorious by the wise and brave deeds of a long line of ancestors. One born of such a race must be a dullard indeed, in heart and head, who receives no inspiration from the memory of noble ancestors whose genius seems to haunt the spot they made their home, and whose eyes look down from the walls with a charge in them upon those who bear the name they ennobled. William Bentinck, the first Duke, was, in his youth, Page of Honour to William, Prince of Orange, whom he ever afterwards served as an able statesman, and into whose ears the dying King whispered his last words: "There was a time when I should have been glad to have been delivered out of my troubles; but I own I see another scene, and could wish to live a little longer." He accompanied the Prince to England, and, after William was declared King, served under him with distinction as Lieutenant-General at the Battle of the Boyne, July 1, 1690, and in the Netherlands.

Macaulay says "he was possessed of all the essential qualities of an excellent diplomatist," as he proved by the clever move by which he brought about the Peace of Ryswick. He was a man, to quote against a Regency,



THE COTTAGE IN THE GARDEN

the same great historian, "of strict integrity and honour, incapable of stooping to a base act," evidently resolved "to deck his fortune with his noble deeds." In 1689 the King made him Knight of the Garter, and created him Baron Cirencister, Viscount Woodstock, and Earl of Portland. He married twice: first, Anne, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers; and, secondly, Jane, daughter of Sir John Temple.

Henry, his son by his first wife, succeeded him, who, by marrying Lady Elizabeth Noel, eldest daughter and co-heir of Wriothesley, Earl of Gainsborough, acquired, with other large possessions, half the lordship of Titchfield. He was elevated, in 1716, to the highest rank of nobility as Marquis of Titchfield and Duke of Portland. He was appointed Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica, where he died in 1726.

William, his eldest son, became second Duke, and, as we know, married the heiress of Welbeck. He was Lord Privy Seal in 1727, and afterwards President of the Council.

William Henry Cavendish, the third Duke, inherited the genius of his family for statesmanship. In 1782 he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and afterwards twice Prime Minister of England—in 1833 and 1807. He married Dorothy, only daughter of the fourth Duke of Devonshire. His second son, Lord William Bentinck, was for seven years—1827 to 1834—Governor-General of India.

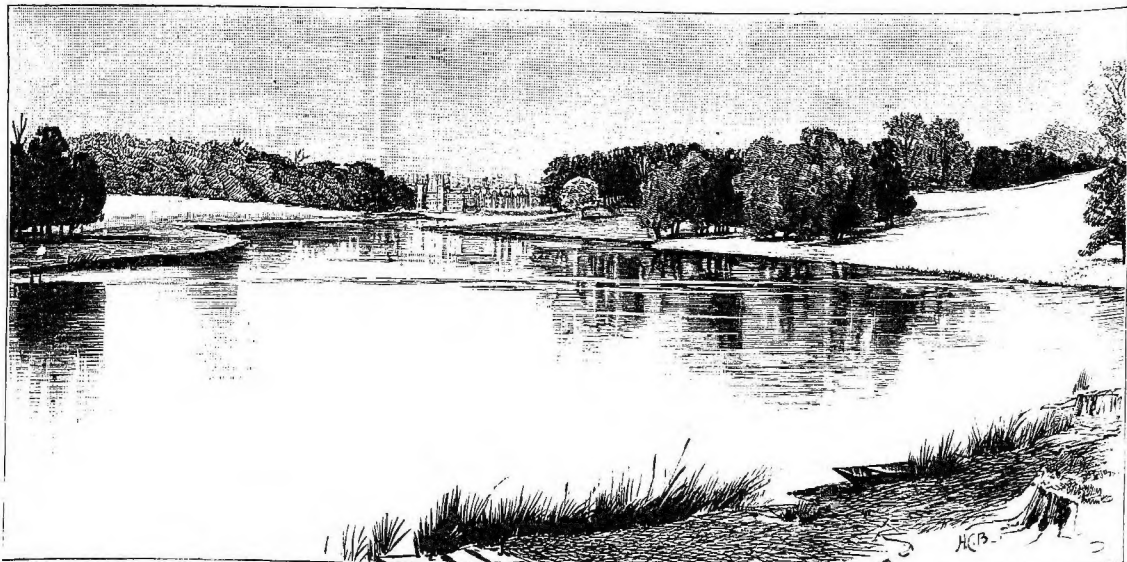
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THE NORTH CLOSET

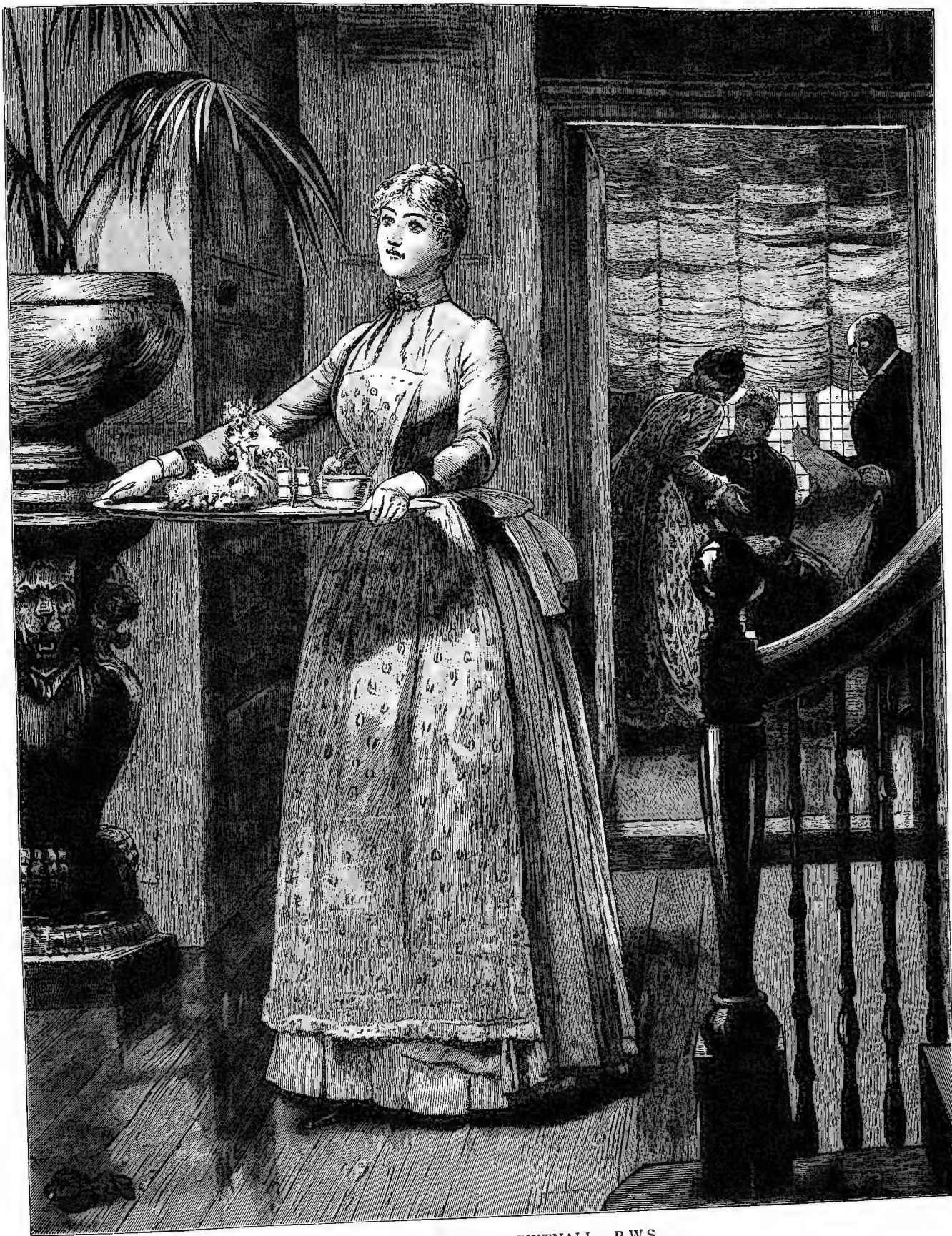


THE GREENDALE OAK CABINET



THE ABBEY AND LAKE—SOUTH VIEW





DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

Iris Knyvett was the neatest and deftest and most thoughtful of nurses.

# "THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &c.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### ON THE TRACK

THE two broken links he had found on the railway line irresistibly suggested to Eustace's mind the probability that the chain as a whole, and the locket with it, must have been caught by the engine as it passed lightly over Meriem's body, torn from her at a wrench, and carried along for an indefinite distance in the direction of Bouira. It was quite possible, indeed, that the entire ornament might still be clinging to some projecting screw of the engine or buffers; and the first question for Eustace to decide was, therefore, what particular locomotive had been attached that day to the early morning train from Setif. If he could find out that point, he might intercept the engine at the station, and examine its bottom and sides carefully.

Next morning, accordingly, as soon as he was able to find his way on his own legs out into the village, he made inquiries of the officials as to the locomotive in question. The *chef de gare* was all French politeness; it was the *Avenir de l'Algérie* that drew the train on the day of Monsieur's most deplorable accident; and if Monsieur, who had rendered such signal service to the colony at the risk of his life (for a telegram from the Governor-General had already conveyed to Eustace the public thanks for saving the beleaguered garrison of St. Cloud) would have the goodness to call at the station to-morrow evening at 4.20, the *Avenir de l'Algérie*

would be delayed for five or ten minutes as it passed, so that Monsieur might make a thorough search for the missing jewellery. "Mademoiselle wore diamonds, no doubt," the *chef de gare* suggested, politely.

Eustace smiled. The notion of Meriem possessing such gewgaws was too supremely ridiculous. Yet he could hardly say he was making all this fuss about a mere Kabyle box in rough white metal, studded loosely on the lid with coral and lapis lazuli.

It was not so much the locket itself," he replied, evasively, that Mademoiselle so highly valued, as the nature of the contents, which he believed to be of singular and unique value.

The *chef de gare* nodded. The train should be delayed then. The colony was proud to manifest its gratitude to Monsieur, who had shown so much devotion in saving the lives of our fellow-citizens.

But Meriem was little consoled to learn that she must wait another thirty hours or more before even a search could be made for her missing trinket—Yusuf's last gift, and all that depended upon it.

At 4.20 next day, Eustace presented himself duly at the station, and with the help of the porters overhauled the locomotive and tender thoroughly. They found but one trace there to reward their pains—three or four more links of the broken chain, wedged in between the gearing that supports the buffers.

That discovery impressed more than ever upon Eustace's mind

the hopelessness and vagueness of this wild-goose chase. Evidently, the locket had been carried away by the locomotive, and then dropped. They might have to look for it, bit by bit, along the whole line from Algiers to Constantine, a distance which it took thirteen hours for the fastest train in the day to traverse.

He went back to Meriem very ill-satisfied with the result of his search. But Meriem, when she heard his report, clasped her hands fervently, and answered with all the energy of her simple nature, "We must search the whole line as soon as I'm well enough, if we have tramp from here to Constantine to do it. Not for worlds would I let that locket get into the hands of anybody who might try to use it against Vernon and Iris."

It was a dismal look-out, but Eustace tried to face it. His strength returned much faster than Meriem's. In a day or two, indeed, he was able to venture out for a longer walk along the line, which he followed for a mile or so in the direction the locomotive had taken on the morning of the accident. He thought it probable the locket would have been dropped before the train had gone many minutes on; and in effect, about the third kilometre from Beni-Mansour, he came to his delight upon the broken lid, with its well-known decoration of rough blue stones and red bosses of jewellery. Where the lid was found, the box itself and its contents could not be very far distant. Following up the line a few hundred yards further, he soon perceived the remainder of Meriem's much-



prized necklet, with the locket attached, lying between the ties in the middle of the rails. He caught it up and examined the contents eagerly. They were all safe—and the secret was out. He found four or five small squares of thin foreign note-paper, folded and refolded with scrupulous care just to fit the box, and apparently covered on both sides with a close manuscript in European letters.

He could guess now why Meriem wished to read English handwriting.

Curiosity would naturally have led him to examine the manuscript, but without Meriem's consent he could not dream of doing so. He only saw vaguely against his own will, as he replaced the little squares carefully in their receptacle, that the outside roll bore on its face the distinct words, "I, Clarence Knyvett, formerly cornet"—and there the visible part of the paper broke off, with the line unfinished.

Happily, in that dry climate, the papers had lain out in the open air so many days and nights unhurt, with the box covering them. In England, they would have been reduced long before then to a spontaneous amateur form of *papier mâché*.

It was with great joy that he returned to the Rest House with his spoils to Meriem. She took them anxiously, and, turning them over, looked at each paper separately, with an eager eye, lest any should be missing. Then she glanced up at Le Marchant, and said, with a sigh, "So now you know my secret, Eustace."

"I do not," Eustace answered; "or, only a little of it. I saw the papers were safe; but, without your leave, I would never have dreamt of looking at one of them, Meriem."

Meriem gazed back at him with her large soft eyes.

"I knew you wouldn't, Eustace," she said, confidently.

"Then why do you say I know your secret?"

"Because, seeing these, you must surely guess it."

"Not altogether," Eustace answered, with truth. "I've an idea, of course, but nothing further."

Meriem turned to him, and opened them at full length before his eyes.

"We are one now, Eustace," she said, simply. "I can trust you with anything. You may read them if you will. But you took me penniless, and penniless you must keep me."

Eustace accepted the papers without any false show of reluctance from her hands and read them through. His eyes were full of tears once or twice as he read. When he had finished, he turned to Meriem, and said, quietly, "You meant never to show them to anyone, Meriem?"

"I will never show them," Meriem answered firmly. "But because I love you, and because I can trust you, I show them to you, and to you only. You will never betray my secret, Eustace."

Eustace rose, and kissed her tenderly on the forehead.

"Never," he answered, with solemn emphasis. "You're a brave girl, Meriem, and I honour you for it. I can work for you, and keep you in what to you and me will be sufficient comfort, or even luxury. Let Miss Knyvett hold to her money, if she will. I, for one, will never enlighten her."

There was a short pause. Then Eustace spoke again. "It's better as it is," he said. "I've always felt that. I never wished to marry a rich wife. I prefer to work, so that the woman I love may owe me everything. It's manlier so. Yet it will be something for us both to know through life, Meriem, that money was as water to us, when we had it to take, compared with our love for one another."

Meriem, nestling close to him with her grand proud head, answered in a very low voice. "One thing alone," she said, "in these last few days, has made me falter. Do you remember, Eustace, one morning in the tent Mr. Whitmarsh was looking at that lovely collection of yours—the butterflies and beetles—and he said—that man who could never understand you—'If you chose to sell these things in London, Mr. Le Marchant, I expect you could make a great deal of money out of them.' And you looked up from the bird you were stuffing and answered quietly, 'I've no time to waste on making money.' Though I wasn't in love with you then, I thought that was grand. I'm only a woman—a poor, ignorant Kabyle woman—and I couldn't quite understand your work, of course, or why it was so important for you to learn all about the beasts and birds, and the plants and flowers, though I fancy I can dimly guess just a little how it is; but I thought what you answered was grand for all that; I said to myself, 'If it were not for Vernon, how a woman might love and admire Eustace!' And now that it's come home to me, all in a flash, how much greater and better a man you are than Vernon, I've said to myself again, more than once or twice, 'Eustace has no time to waste on making money! I love him for that; I admire him for that; it's so great and noble. But still, if he had money all ready made, if I had money of my own to give him, how much better work he might do for the world in that high way I can hardly understand, in finding out how everything came to be so!' And sometimes, these last few days, I've almost regretted. I might have taken it, for your sake, Eustace, if I hadn't said that day on the hill-side to Iris, 'The money's yours. You must always keep it.'"

Eustace looked down at her with pride and joy. "Meriem," he said, pushing back the hair from her high, white forehead, "if only you knew how much pleasure it gives me to hear you speak like that, you'd never want me to be rich in anything else but in your own dear love, my treasure, my darling. That you, who have lived this simple, village life, without schools or books, should so enter into one's thoughts and comprehend one's aims as few educated Englishwomen could ever do is to me wonderful—a triumph of nature. It makes me feel, more than ever, what a jewel I have found, and how unworthy I am of you. With you to help me and to spur me on, I shall need no wealth, I shall need no money. We two will do great work together yet, penniless as we are. Keep your word to Iris, my child, whatever happens. Let Iris have her fortune still, as you promised. My Meriem, you're worth a thousand Irises."

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH

IRIS and her mother, meanwhile, with Uncle Tom, Vernon Blake, and the St. Cloud fugitives, were slowly recovering from their fatigue and their hurts at Tizi-Ouzou—which is, being interpreted, the gorge of the broom-plant—a picturesque little Frenchified village, perched on the summit of a conical hill, and separated from the base of the Kabyle Mountains by a broad but shallow and brawling river. St. Cloud itself having practically, for the moment, ceased to exist—a mere shell and a single shattered keep now alone represented the *ci-devant* Fort, while nothing more than blackened ruins remained of what was once the flourishing village—the rescued survivors had perforce retired at once upon the nearest secure European station, where it was necessary for them to rest for a few days *en route*, before proceeding to Algiers, to regain their wonted strength and composure.

Vernon Blake's wound, too, neglected by dire necessity on the night of the outbreak, had now to be more carefully dressed and bandaged; and the task of nursing him in the little inn at Tizi-Ouzou, which proclaimed itself aloud as *Hotel de l'Univers*, naturally devolved, in the fitness of things, upon Mrs. Knyvett, and more especially upon Iris. They were the only two women in the place with whom the English painter had any language in common; and it must be admitted parenthetically that Iris, for her part, in spite of her profound ethical studies, was by no means unwilling to

accept this very good excuse for continuing to see somewhat more than was right of the man whom she still persisted in regarding as *de jure* her cousin Meriem's lover. The female conscience, even though it belong to the aggravated Knyvett variety, is readily salved in such cases. It hoodwinks itself, on easy terms, with the "tyrant's plea" of necessity. For how could Iris let a brave defender (and handsome, too, at that) lack fit attendance from his own fellow-countrywoman in his hour of need on no better ground than merely because Meriem happened to have a vested interest in him?

Nay, it must even be admitted, with a blush, by the candid chronicler that both Iris and Vernon intensely enjoyed these necessary interviews thus thrust upon them against the will of one party at least by the inevitable decrees of manifest destiny. It's wrong to flirt, of course, as we all know, with somebody else's affianced lover; but if somebody else's affianced lover is seriously wounded in the left shoulder, in somebody else's unavoidable absence, and with nobody else to tend and care for him—why, common charity compels a girl of feeling to undertake, in somebody else's own interest, the vicarious task of nursing him; and even if that task should happen to prove in itself agreeable, can there be anything wrong in thus giving way (on compulsion, observe!) to your natural instincts as a ministering angel? Uncertain, coy, and hard to please as Vernon Blake had found Iris Knyvett in her hours of ease at St. Cloud in the mountains, he was forced to acknowledge that when pain and anguish (neither of them, it must be admitted, very profound in character) wrung his brow at Tizi-Ouzou, she was the neatest and deftest and most thoughtful of nurses. The stern moralist himself could hardly object, indeed, to one's putting fresh roses and violets every morning with tender care by an invalid's bedside; and all the rules of propriety are silent in the lump as to the wrongfulness of bringing good beef-tea to a wounded man (engaged or otherwise), on a pretty Moorish tray rendered sweet with stephanotis, plumbago, and lilac-blossom. To such double-dyed crimes, Iris pleaded guilty each evening with shame to her own conscience in the privacy of her bedchamber—and absolved herself forthwith on further examination upon the varied pleas of gratitude, friendship, and medical direction.

Communications with their absent friends had already been restored. A telegram from Eustace had announced, shortly after their arrival at Tizi-Ouzou, his own safety and Meriem's, while gliding with a light hand over the thrilling story of their respective accidents. Iris knew, therefore, it was to Meriem's devotion in part that they owed their safety—the papers, indeed, had told her so much—and she was pursued day and night by an uncomfortable feeling that this new claim on Meriem's part put her all the more upon her honour in all her difficult and very uncertain relations with her cousin's lover. Yet in spite of every thing—for the human heart will have its say within itself, repress it as we may in all external manifestations—the Third Classic couldn't deny to her own soul that she was supremely happy with a momentary happiness in taking care of her wounded painter. It was a happiness, alas, that must soon cease; the horrid shoulder would get all right in time; but while it lasted, at any rate, it was well worth enjoying. *Monochronos hedoné*, her Greek Epicurean guide had told her; the one fleeting moment of pure delight in a transient time is all we can count upon. Might she not fairly drink it in while it still endured? for Meriem would have him soon, too soon, for ever.

On that fixed point she had made her mind up fairly and squarely once for all. Whether he would or whether he would not, Vernon Blake must marry Meriem.

Yet when once or twice, discreetly smiling, she returned to the charge at her invalid in this direction, with a dexterous side-thrust, Vernon Blake had only answered her with malicious audacity, "Without descending into quite such minute particulars as that, you know, I propose at any rate, with your kind permission, to marry somewhere into the Knyvett family." And thereat, Iris, discomfited, could only laugh and blush—feeling all the time that both blush and laugh were distinct betrayals of her trust to Meriem.

"If you go on talking so," the Third Classic exclaimed to him once, continuing nevertheless to arrange the roses in the vase by his side with trembling fingers as she spoke, "I shall go right away this very minute and not come back any more at all, but just leave my mother to do all the nursing. It's very unkind of you to take such an advantage of your helpless condition. I've told you once for all quite plainly what I think, that day at St. Cloud, and I can't reopen the subject again with you now." But none the less her quivering lips belied her angry words, and her downcast eyes had a strange mist gathering almost imperceptibly over their dimmed pupils.

"Yes, I know: I remember," Vernon Blake replied, with that false boldness which love had taught his sensitive nature: "you said that day at St. Cloud you *did* love me; and when the woman he loves once tells a man that, do you think he's likely, Miss Knyvett, ever to forget it?"

Iris winced. "But I also said," she murmured, in a very low voice, "I could never marry you: I could never rest till you'd married Meriem."

"And I said, for my part," Vernon Blake retorted, pretending to move his wounded arm painfully to attract her sympathy, "I said 'I'll marry you or nobody, Iris.' And I don't see why what I said on that particular occasion shouldn't be stuck to just as much as what you said, Iris. Oh, yes, I'll call you *Iris*, if I choose; I shall; and if you don't like it, you may go away as you threaten and send your mother." But he clung for all that to her hand that he'd seized among the roses by his side, and pressed it tight. "You told me you loved me, you know," he murmured once more, "and when a woman once tells a man such a thing as that, he has a right if he chooses to call her *Iris*."

The blushing Girton girl struggled hard to set herself free, but all in vain. Man remains the stronger animal of the two in spite even of the higher education. "Oh, how can I ever face Meriem again?" she cried at last, bursting into sudden tears. "It's cruel of you, Mr. Blake, to bring up such a casual phrase against me. What I said that day, I slipped out by accident; by the purest accident; I said it out of the fulness of my heart at the moment, trusting to your chivalry not to use it against me; and now you're using it against me and against Meriem. Oh, how can I ever dare to face her again and tell her all this? She'll think I've betrayed her: she'll think I've been false to her. And I—who'd break my own heart to serve her!—I said to her that morning on the rocks at Beni-Merzoug, 'He *must* marry you, Meriem! He *shall* marry you! I'll make him marry you!' And if I tell her this, she'll say I've betrayed her."

Vernon Blake released her hand with a jerk, as if in anger. "And did it never occur to you," he asked, with mock sternness, "that in making that private disposition of somebody else's heart and hand on your own account, you were arranging a bargain without asking the consent of one of the most interested parties in the arrangement?"

"But, you'd made her love you!" Iris cried, pleading faintly. It's hard to have to plead your rival's cause against your own inclination. "You'd no right, you know, to break poor Meriem's heart. You, who were so much above her, and better than her in every way; you, who could paint such beautiful pictures, and say such lovely poetical things, and fill her poor head with thoughts that could never otherwise have got there, how could you fail to win her heart when you tried—or even if you did not try at all, for that matter?"

"That's just my excuse," the painter answered, contritely.

Iris blushed once more. She recognised too late that she had

inadvertently played the enemy's best card, so she relapsed into the safe refuge of silence.

Vernon Blake let her muse on for a moment without following up his advantage. It was better so. He knew it by instinct. A woman can feel her own heart beat hard against her breast in these awkward pauses. Her emotion has time to force itself on her consciousness. Then he began again in a very low voice. "At St. Cloud the other night," he said, softly, "when you women were all huddled in a group on the roof, and the Kabyles were firing and stabbing and thrusting at us like wild beasts, and the gate was one living blaze of light, and all hope was over, and the men were giving up, I said to myself, 'If it comes to the worst, I shall rush upstairs and take her in my arms, my wounded arms—that queen among women—and hold her tight there in one last embrace, and press her just once to my bosom like a lover, and wait for those brutes to kill us two together—and then . . . no Kabyle girl on earth shall ever divide us. She shall be mine, one moment, if we die for it together!' And just as I thought my dream was coming true—you may pity me, Iris, if you can't love me—the Zouaves came up, those horrid Zouaves, and spoilt it all—and here you are telling me to go and marry Meriem. . . . You may tell me till you're hoarse, but, Iris, I swear to you, if I wait a hundred years, I shall make you marry me, now I know you love me. I shall never, never marry the Kabyle girl!"

Iris bent down her head in her hands and sobbed. "You are cruel, Mr. Blake," she cried. "You are too, too cruel."

How inartistic in its brusque transitions is real life! Just at that moment, that critical moment, as luck would have it, when the painter would fain have bent over her and kissed her, who should appear most inopportune at the door but François, the boots, who, thrusting in his head with the comic confidential nod of the French manservant, observed laconically, like one that takes in the situation at a glance, "*Ne vous dérangez pas, Messieurs et dames—voilà le facteur qui vient d'arriver—une lettre pour Mademoiselle*," and vanished with a discreet smile instantaneously. Iris took the envelope from his hands and mechanically opened it. It was a note in a large round childish hand, the very first letter, in fact, Meriem had ever tried to write to anybody in English manuscript.

"MY DEAR IRIS," it said, in its big straggling characters, "I have something very important to tell you when we meet—something that I think will make you ever so happy. Please don't say anything to Vernon that will hurt him till you see me. I will go to Algiers with Eustace whenever you're ready to go yourself. Eustace will arrange with Vernon to meet us at the place the train stops at, when he knows what day you mean to start. It's all so strange to me, I can't arrange about it. Now I must leave off. This is all. Excuse the blots, as this is the first English letter I've ever written. I know you'll be glad when you hear what I have to tell you. Ever your very loving cousin,

"MERIEM KNYVETT."

The signature alone was full of novelty. Iris folded the letter up, and slipped it into her bosom with a throbbing heart. What thing it might forebode she hardly as yet even dared to conjecture; but she somehow vaguely realised to herself the fact that it was a way out for herself and Vernon. She looked at her painter, as he lay pale upon his bed, with one wistful look; and then, mindful of Meriem's charge, slipped from the room without one other word to him. Her heart was far too full, indeed, for words; they might mislead her. And suppose she were mistaken, what going back would then be possible?

Till she saw Meriem now, she could never dare to face Vernon again. It was with no little relief, therefore, that she learned to her joy that evening from the Tizi-Ouzou doctor that her patient might venture upon leaving to-morrow.

(To be continued)

## WELBECK ABBEY, I.

(Continued from page 624)

THE Empire Principality Lord William Bentinck had been called to rule, as a tribute of gratitude and affection, erected a noble monument to his memory in Calcutta, which bears the following inscription by Macaulay:—

### TO WILLIAM CAVENDISH BENTINCK,

WHO DURING SEVEN YEARS RULED INDIA WITH EMINENT PRUDENCE, INTEGRITY, AND BENEVOLENCE;

WHO, PLACED AT THE HEAD OF A GREAT EMPIRE, NEVER LAID ASIDE THE SIMPLICITY AND MODERATION OF A PRIVATE CITIZEN;

WHO INSPIRED INTO ORIENTAL DESPOTISM A SPIRIT OF BRITISH FREEDOM;

WHO NEVER FORGOT THAT THE END OF GOVERNMENT IS THE HAPPINESS OF THE GOVERNED;

WHO ABOLISHED CRUEL RIGHTS, WHO EFFACED HUMILIATING DISTINCTIONS;

WHO GAVE LIBERTY TO THE EXPRESSION OF PUBLIC OPINION;

WHOSE CONSTANT STUDY IT WAS

TO ELEVATE THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL CHARACTER OF THE NATION COMMITTED TO HIS CHARGE.

### THIS MONUMENT

WAS ERECTED BY MEN WHO, DIFFERING IN RACE, IN MANNERS, IN LANGUAGE, AND IN RELIGION,

CHERISH WITH EQUAL VENERATION AND GRATITUDE

THE MEMORY OF HIS WISE, UPRIGHT, AND PATERNAL ADMINISTRATION.

William Henry, fourth Duke, married Henrietta, daughter of General Scott, of Balconie, Co. Fife, a descendant of the Scottish heroes Balliol and Bruce; his son, in consequence, received the additional name of Scott, and the arms of Scott were quartered with those of Bentinck and Cavendish. To relieve the monotony of genealogies, let me tell the story of this Duke's wooing. General Scott had three daughters, co-heiresses of his immense wealth. For some reason, he had no love for the aristocracy, and made a provision in his will that if any of his daughters perpetrated the folly of marrying a nobleman, she should forfeit her portion, which should be divided between her wiser and more obedient sisters. But, "being women, they might be wooed, and being women they might be won." So thought the Marquis of Titchfield, and the issue proved the frailty of the sex. Miss Scott yielded at discretion. The other sisters, like generous women, refused to take advantage of the circumstance; indeed, followed suit.

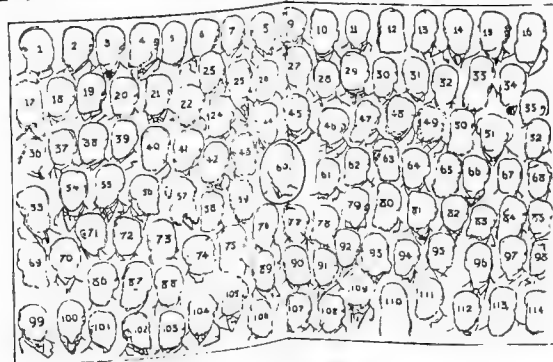
William John Cavendish Scott Bentinck, the second son of this rather romantic marriage, succeeded his father as fifth Duke: an excellent scholar, and F.R.S. More of him shortly. The third





THE FIRST LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

- 1—Mr. G. P. Polson (Strand)  
2—Mr. J. H. W. (North St. Pancras)  
3—Mr. R. A. Gurnea (Cathay)  
4—Mr. T. W. (St. Paul's)  
5—Mr. C. C. (St. Paul's)  
6—Mr. J. C. (St. Paul's)  
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100—Mr. J. H. (St. Paul's)



- 55—Mr. G. W. Osborn (Chelsea)  
56—Mr. E. Porter Young (North Fiddlers)  
57—Lord Rosbery, Chairman (City)  
58—Mr. R. L. Cohen (City)  
59—Mr. J. Jones (South Hackney)  
60—Mr. F. H. Westcott (St. Paul's)  
61—Mr. J. Jones (St. Paul's)  
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LONDON PENNY DINNERS are well matched at the Paris Exhibition by the excellent cheap meals provided by the "Fourneaux Economiques" of the Philanthropic Society. Small purses will find good food at a minimum of cost in this establishment, which is a real boon to the host of minor officials, workpeople, police, &c. employed in the Exhibition, who could not afford refreshment at the regular and expensive restaurants. Charitable Londoners, indeed, might well take a hint from this branch of the Philanthropic Society's work, and not restrict their penny dinners, and breakfasts, to children and the very necessitous classes, but also cater for the struggling poor, who would be glad enough to profit by such meals. For over a century the Philanthropic Society has aided the Parisian poor in various ways, organising soup-kitchens, dispensaries, night refuges, almshouses, and cheap dwellings. The soup-kitchens were first started in 1800, and have gradually increased and prospered until they supply at the cost of *1d.* a ration of either soup, bread, bacon, meat, vegetables, cheese, or chocolate, and for  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  a smaller portion of soup or a cup of coffee. The kitchen in the Exhibition follows the same system, but also furnishes more expensive meals, a satisfying repast with a cup of coffee and the orthodox three lumps of sugar costing either  $4\frac{1}{2}d.$  or  $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ , according to the number of courses. Fully 2,500 portions are served daily, and the Senegalese, Annamites, and other Eastern natives are among the regular customers. Visitors to the Exhibition should not fail to try the *cuisine* of the Fourneaux Economiques, and to assist a most deserving work by placing a small subscription in the boxes provided for that purpose.



THE OLD ENGLISH HAMLET



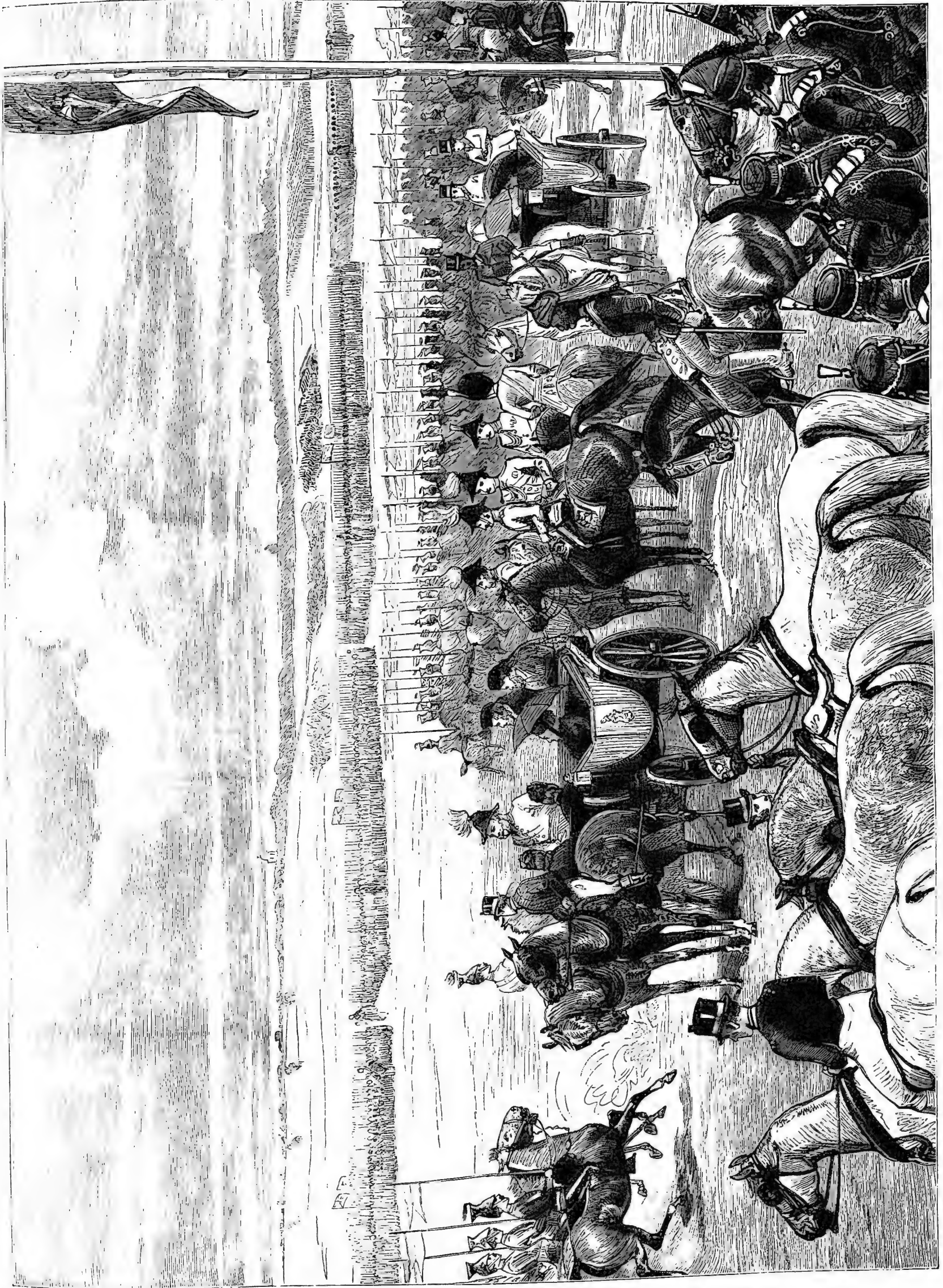
SOME OF THE CHARACTERS

THE NUMMERS



EDITH'S LOVE





THE QUEEN REVIEWING THE ALDERSHOT GARRISON IN THE LONG VALLEY





EXPERIENCES OF A CLERGYMAN IMPRISONED FOR DEBT

NAMES of persons and places are purposely omitted in the following narrative, but such facts as are stated are strictly accurate. Imprisonment for debt, which some persons suppose to be abolished, still exists in a very disagreeable form. Under the present law a County Court judge can commit a defendant to prison if for any reason he has failed to comply with the order made by the judge concerning the liquidation of the debt. The offence committed is technically supposed to be contempt of Court, but in nine cases out of ten—according to our informant's experience—it arises from simple inability to pay—in only one case which came under his notice was it due to obstinacy.

The hero of this narrative was one day last winter at a seaside town, and in the immediate expectation of a comfortable dinner, when an elderly stranger was introduced to him. This gentleman was the High Bailiff of —, and he had, he said, an unpleasant duty to perform. The clergyman had neglected to comply with a judgment summons, and accordingly was committed to prison for thirty days. The happy pair started by the next train, and reached the prison, sixty miles off, at 7 P.M. Here the debtor was taken to a narrow, whitewashed cell, with a high window, and scantily furnished with a bed, table, and bench. There was neither looking-glass nor washing utensils, and the stone floor was bare. The window of this room (represented in one of our sketches) was about eight feet from the ground, filled with fluted glass, and strongly barred, so there was not much of a view. Next morning, after a rather wretched night, the debtor was successively visited by the Governor (who was very courteous) and the chaplain; at twelve o'clock dinner arrived—three-quarters of a pint of pea-soup and some bread; then there was a weary drag till 6 P.M., when bread and cocoa was served, as it had been at breakfast, followed by bed at 8 P.M. The debtor seems to have been out of sorts when he entered the prison, and, as he became worse, he was, by the doctor's orders, removed to one of the cells reserved for first-class misdemeanants, of whom there were none then in the prison. This apartment consisted of a large cell, fairly furnished with table, chairs, and carpet. Another cell led out of it, furnished with washstand, table-glass, chair, and bedside carpet. If debtors elect to find their own food (this costs about 2s. 6d. a day) they receive no prison allowance. Otherwise, they are placed on the prison dietary, which costs the Government about 2s. 4d. per week. Any one, says our informant, can live on this diet; it is fairly nourishing, and many of the poorer debtors are better fed in the prison than outside. Breakfast and supper consist of bread with gruel or cocoa; dinner of bread and potatoes, with suet pudding, cooked beef, or pea-soup successively. No newspapers are allowed in the prison; it is said because tobacco (which is strictly prohibited) has been smuggled in inside them. Only one letter can be written or received weekly. Many of the imprisoned persons are the victims of the travelling tallmen. These traders sell inferior goods to the women on the weekly instalment system, and then put the husband in prison on any default of payment. It would be a good thing for the community at large, and only bad for the baser sort of attorneys and money-lenders, if all debts, where the creditor voluntarily supplies money or goods on credit, were irrecoverable by any legal process. Of course the law would remain as it is as regards such obligations as rent, taxes, &c. This reform, which has been advocated by many lawyers of distinction, would not affect legitimate credit, but it would substitute cash payment for much of the illegitimate credit which at present causes so much misery and anxiety to all the persons concerned with it.

THE ROSE QUEEN AT WHITELAND'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA

"THE proceedings opened," says our artist, "by a service in the chapel, which was decorated with flowers, while every girl wore roses and other flowers on her person. The Service over, we repaired to the grounds of the College, which are nicely secluded by trees, and there the girls sang. Presently the voting was done, and as soon as the result of the poll had been declared, and the successful candidate crowned with a wreath of roses, a procession took place round the grounds. The crown of roses had been previously worn by the girl who had been the Rose Queen of the preceding year, and when it was taken from her head to be placed on that of the newly-elected, the ex-Rose Queen was presented with a nice wreath of forget-me-nots. The procession ended by the new and the old Queens taking their stand on a sort of throne or dais, backed by a crowd of roses, shown in my picture. Numbers of girls then brought presents to the new Queen (flowers again), and she said a few words of thanks. Then there was more singing, and finally some dancing on the grass."

WELBECK ABBEY, I.

See pp. 621 *et seq.*

"THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brawnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 625.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S "IDYL"

PROFESSOR HERKOMER and the students of his Art School at Bushey gave on Tuesday the first performance of the pictorial music play *An Idyl*, the whole of which, with the exception of sundry graceful lyrics from the pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett, has been designed, written, and composed by Mr. Herkomer himself. A prettier or more complete picture of English rural life as it existed in the days of Chaucer has rarely been presented. The street in the mediæval hamlet, of which we give an illustration, is solidly built up, the summits of its gabled houses rising far above the tiny proscenium, while the cornfields, yet only half-harvested, stretch out to the uplands, the higher models touching the sky-line. In the first act, the shadows of eventide fall gradually over the scene, until the rising of a realistic moon, while in the last act the same street is depicted bathed in the sunshine of an August noon. The street is peopled by rustics, clad in the quaint costumes of the period, who teach the children to pray at the sound of the "Angelus," dance a merry jig to the tune of a fourteenth century rebec, temper swords out of red-hot iron at a smithy, form a delightful family gathering round the rude supper-table in the raftered dwelling-room of the smith's cottage, and eventually take part in the wedding procession and the Gregorian marriage music, and pelt the newly-married couple gaily with flowers. The plot lies in a nutshell. Edith, the smith's daughter, betrothed to his honest journeyman Dick, is temporarily smitten by the gallantries of the young lord of the Hall. A ballad of shameless love and dishonour, lovingly sung by her father, recalls her to her senses, the young gallant, who has no other vice than a fondness for a pretty face, blithely gives her up, and she is wedded in her own station. While this couple are at the church, a

couple of woe-begone mummers, of whom we likewise engrave an illustration, are astonished that their antics find no response from a village which they subsequently discover has been temporarily deserted for the marriage ceremony. Throughout the play there is not a word of dialogue, although apart from the songs, the dances, and the choruses, the story can very readily be followed by means of the excellent mimic action, and the realistic orchestration which, although from the pen of Mr. Herkomer himself, would, were it not for a few traces of amateurishness, do credit to many a professed musician. In certain situations, the composer rises to a higher level. The second act, indeed, with its quarrelling duet, the scene at the supper-table, the striking situation in which Edith, at the latticed window, repeats the strain of which her father's warning ballad, and listens with terror to the "Fa-la-la" of the gallant's serenade, and particularly the highly dramatic and elaborated appeal of Dick o' the Dale to the young lord, and the final reconciliation of the two lovers, who are clasped in each other's arms as the love theme steals forth gently from Dr. Richter's orchestra, is admirable throughout. Save as to a party of boys we can hardly commend the singing of any of the performers. On the other hand, the acting was excellent, Mr. Herkomer himself gave a touching reading of the part of the old smith, and Miss Dorothy Dene an equally good performance of the character of his wayward daughter. Mr. Daniel Wehrschmidt was a manly Dick o' the Dale, Miss Wilton and Mr. D. J. Williams played two subordinate lovers very prettily, while the comicalities of Mr. E. Wehrschmidt as one of the mummers were hugely enjoyed. But it is in its homely story, so full of human interest and sympathy, in its capital music, and in the excellent finish as to every point of detail of the general presentation, that the strength of *An Idyl* mainly lies.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES IN THE CITY

ON Saturday, Prince George of Wales took up the freedom of the City, to which he is entitled by patrimony, at an extraordinary meeting of the Court of Common Council at the Guildhall. The Prince was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince George of Greece. A large number of guests were present. The roll having been duly signed by the Prince, the City Chamberlain (Mr. Benjamin Scott) made him an appropriate address, declaring that the date was a happy inspiration on the part of the Prince, as it was the anniversary of one of the most signal victories in the British Navy, and one for which Earl Howe received the freedom of the City. He also informed the Prince that there lay on the table the original letter of Lord Howe, dated on board the *Charlotte* at Spithead, acknowledging the vote of the Court. Another naval literary treasure of the Corporation was the original letter of Lord Nelson, announcing from on board the *Vanguard* the victory of the Nile. Prince George made a suitable reply, returning thanks "for the great honour you have done me in permitting me to come here to-day to take up the freedom of the City of London like my grandfather, my father, and brother." A luncheon then followed, at which speeches were made by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Mayor, and Prince George, by whom the Lord Mayor's health was proposed. The address was contained in a handsome casket designed to symbolise the safety of British commerce under the protection of the British Navy. The front panel bears the Prince's full coat-of-arms enamelled in proper heraldic colours, surrounded with laurel and oak leaves, and surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plumes with the crescent—the proper mark of the second son of the Heir Apparent. The pedestal is made from a plank from Nelson's old flagship, the *Victory*.

THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE COMTE AND COMTESSE DE PARIS

ON the 30th of May, 1864, the Comte de Paris wedded his cousin Isabelle de Montpensier in the little church of St. Raphael, near Kingston-on-Thames. The Comte was then an exile under the ban of the Second Empire, and it was again as an exile that last week he celebrated his Silver Wedding in the same church. Numerous well-known Orleanist adherents and sympathisers had come over from France for the occasion, and nearly the whole of the Orleanist family were present, including the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier (the parents of the Comtesse), the Princesse Clementine (mother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria), the Duc de Chartres, and the Duc d'Orleans, the eldest son of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris. At nine o'clock in the morning, the Comte and Comtesse with their family drove over from their residence at East Sheen to St. Raphael's Church, where a Thanksgiving Service was performed by Father Morley, the "Ave Maria" and the "O Salutaris Hostia" being sung by Madame Duval, a lady well-known in Parisian circles, who had come over from Paris for the express purpose. At the close of the service Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played by Monsieur Silas. The Comte and Comtesse then returned to East Sheen, where they held a grand reception of their friends, after which there was a general adjournment to the lawn. Among the English guests were Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Mary of Teck, and the Duchess of Albany, with the young Duke of Albany, who attracted much attention in his Highland costume. Shortly after four the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princes Albert Victor and George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maude, arrived to add their congratulations to the large circle of relatives and friends who had gathered round the Comte and Comtesse on this memorable afternoon. The presents, of which there were a great number, were shown in one of the rooms, and included a gold bracelet with a large cat's-eye in the centre from the Queen, and a handsome chased vase from the Prince and Princess of Wales.

THE QUEEN AT ALDERSHOT

THERE was a large local gathering on Friday, May 31st, at Aldershot, to witness the review of the troops by the Queen. The weather was perfect, a bright sun being tempered by a cool and gentle air. Her Majesty, who wore deep mourning with a thick black veil, was accompanied by the Marchioness of Ely and the youngest daughter of Princess Christian. She arrived at 4.30 P.M., and was met by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolsely, General Buller, and a small party of officers. The general salute was given, and the inspection of the troops began. The Queen only drove along the front of the line. As soon as she had passed, the Cavalry got into motion, and moved into position in readiness for the march-past, which then took place. About sixteen thousand troops were nominally on the ground; but, of course, a portion of these were absent on duties in barracks. After the Infantry had gone by, the Cavalry came past at a trot, and the whole force forming up, the Royal Salute was given, and the pageant was at an end. The review was, perhaps, the most enjoyable ever held at Aldershot, for even when the Cavalry trotted past there was no dust whatever.

BROCKWELL PARK

PEOPLE who live habitually in the Western parts of what we may style old London, and who, therefore, are within an easy walk of one of the Royal Parks, are apt to imagine that suburbaners are in this respect far better off than themselves, and can, in a few minutes, stroll into green fields bedecked with daisies and buttercups. Except, however, in one or two favoured spots hitherto

neglected by the ever-advancing builder, such a boon as this can only be obtained by going a long way afield. This is especially noticeable in what are called the southern suburbs, but which form an integral portion of the "great wen," as Cobbert styled the metropolis. Forty years ago, on the Surrey side, the fields were within a mile of London, Blackfriars, and Westminster Bridge. Nowadays, for at least three miles, a few oases excepted, it is a weary wilderness of busy thoroughfares. Consequently, about a half and-a-half years ago the inhabitants of Brixton formed a committee, of which Mr. Arthur C. Harris, 32, Saloon Road, S.W., was the honorary secretary, for the purpose of securing for the benefit a portion of an estate at Herne Hill, known as Brockwell Park, which hitherto has fortunately been preserved intact. The mansion, which stands on the highest ground in the Park, whence (in clear weather) Hampstead and Highgate are within sight across London, was built, early in the century, by Mr. John Blades, Sheriff of the City of London, who was the owner of the property. His descendant and representative, Mr. Joshua John Blades Blackburn, has consented to sell the freehold of the seven and-a-half acres attached to the hall itself for the reasonable sum of 1,500l. per acre. He will still retain fifty-two acres, which will be available for building purposes. The Park was opened to the public on Easter Monday, in order that they might judge of its advantages. It abounds with fine old oaks and elms. Of course they were then leafless, but the fine views in every direction command general admiration. We earnestly hope, as in the case of Parliament Hill, Hampstead, that by the combined efforts of private donors, of the adjacent Vestries, and of the Charity Commissioners (who have generously agreed to contribute one-fifth of the cost provided the sum does not exceed 25,000l.), aided by the City Council, which ought to take a more liberal view of such purchases than was the case with the late Metropolitan Board, this pretty little recreation ground will be secured for the benefit of many generations of South Londoners.

THE MONKEY SHOW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE

AS each animal nowadays has its own particular show in which the beauties and characteristics of the various species can be set forth and compared, it is surprising that no enterprising caterer to the people's enjoyment should have earlier hit upon the idea which has been carried out by the proprietors of Brooke's Soap at the Alexandra Palace. There have been assembled a thousand monkeys of high and low degree, with and without tails, brought from all parts of the globe—from Borneo, West Africa, South America, and Ceylon, and ranging from all sorts and kinds, from the friendly little fellow with whom we have been familiar from our boyhood, and who goes through all species of antics on a wicker table urged on by the dulcet strains of a barrel organ, to the ever-looking and vicious baboons, who really appear as though they might possibly be the progenitors of some of the cruel and barbarous races of mankind. The collection is certainly highly interesting, and many pains have evidently been taken to secure a representative gathering of the various species of quadrupeds. The entertainment at the Alexandra Palace, we should mention, is by no means confined to the monkey show, there being circus, theatrical, and variety performances, and balloon ascents and parachute descents by various aeronauts.

FANCY FAIR AT THE ALBERT HALL

ON May 29th and the three following days, in aid of the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children, an "Al Fresco Fair and Floral Fête" was held at the Albert Hall, under the direct patronage of the Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. In the centre of the arena stood a lofty Maypole, gaily belated with ribbons and flowers, a reproduction of that formerly erected in Cornhill. Twice a day a May revel took place, when the Queen of the May was crowned and crowned, while children danced and clowns and jesters frolicked. Various stalls were scattered about of a rustic character; among them being a village smithy, a hay-oast, a windmill, and a corn mill presided over by Mrs. Bancroft. From a caravan (lent by Mr. Wilson Barrett) Mrs. Charles Crutcher and Mr. Arthur Roberts, dressed in gipsy costume, and assisted by other professionals, sold toys. There was also an excellent presentation of an old English dairy, a vinery, a rosary, a grass-bower, a race-course, and, in the centre, a beehive. Twenty village maidens charmingly attired, sold the "Golden Grain Guide," which supplied all needful information, and contained contributions by various artists and authors of distinction.

THE SPECIAL COMMISSION

See page 639.

WHY WE ENJOY GOING TO DANCES IN THE NAVY

See page 640.

THE FIRST LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

See page 627.



LORD HARTINGTON, having been coolly requested by a Gladstonian gathering at Bacup to resign his seat for the Rossendale Division, points out, in a very courteous reply, that the various votes given by him in the House of Commons on which this request is based, having been in strict accordance with his declaration as to his constituents at the last and previous General Elections, he sees no reason for resigning his seat.

THE LORD MAYOR has earnestly appealed to the public to support the movement which, as more than once mentioned in this column, he has initiated for the purpose of providing the Metropolitan Volunteers in the metropolitan area with the equipments needed to enable them to take the field at a moment's notice. He gives a detailed statement of the lamentable deficiency of these, to which he estimates 85,000l. will be needed. Before appealing to the public he received promises of 20,000l. the Corporation and the City Companies contributing largely, and as an additional reason for his appeal he states his belief that if it is liberally responded to other centres will follow the example of London, and thus the whole Volunteer force of the United Kingdom will be placed on a permanently satisfactory footing. Since the issue of this appeal subscriptions received include 100 guineas from the Prince of Wales, 100l. from Mr. W. H. Smith, with 1,000l. each from Messrs. Deane Brothers, Messrs. Rothschild, and the Skinners' Company. Donations may be sent to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, or to the account of the Patriotic Volunteer Fund at the Bank of England.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, at its usual weekly meeting on Tuesday, approved of that part of the report of the Theatres and Music Halls Committee which recommended a periodical systematic inspection of all the theatres and music-halls under the Council. An animated discussion arose out of a second recommendation of the Committee, that each of its thirty members should be



empowered to inspect at any time any of these places. Among the speakers who opposed this recommendation was the chairman, Lord Rosebery, who protested against a proposal which, as interpreted by him, would be to let loose on the theatres and music-halls of London a Vigilance Committee of thirty men, each of them with a passport in his pocket, allowing them to go into every one of these places to examine not merely the safety of the structure for the purpose of public convenience, but also the morality of the performance. Apparently without a division, the proposal was rejected by the Council.

THE EVICTIONS ON THE MASSEREENE ESTATE were resumed on Tuesday, no resistance being offered. The tenants seeing vacant holdings largely competed for, three of them, instead of subjecting themselves to eviction, settled with the agent on the generous terms which have all along been offered by Lord Massereene.

THE FIRST REPORT of the Imperial British East Africa Company, which received its charter last September, contains interesting details respecting the substantial progress already made. On Tuesday, at its first official banquet in London, Sir William Mackinnon in the chair, Colonel Euan Smith—H.M.'s Consul-General at Zanzibar—spoke of the good work done by the Company on the East African coast through its agent, Mr. Mackenzie, and of the support given by Lord Salisbury to the promoters in those regions of the legitimate influence of Great Britain.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The National Association for the employment of reserve or discharged soldiers registered during the last year 3,598 applications, and succeeded in providing situations for 1,289 of the applicants.—Thanks to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, of which the Princess of Wales is the patroness, 17,637 children from the London slums have been sent into the country, for a fortnight's holiday, at a cost of 11,400*l.*, of which 3,659*l.* was subscribed by the parents.—Subscriptions amounting to 1,350*l.* were announced at the recent annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, at which the chair was taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—London is now entirely free from small-pox.—Two portions of the corpse of a woman, surmised to have been murdered, and that very recently, were discovered, on Tuesday, almost simultaneously, on the fore-shore of the Thames, at Horsleydown, and on the Surrey side of river just by the Albert Bridge.—Violent thunderstorms raged on Sunday, specially destructive in North Lancashire and Flintshire, and extending over the northern regions of Great Britain as far as Caithness.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-second year, of Lady Hayter, widow of the late Sir W. G. Hayter; in his eighty-ninth year, of the Rev. Sir T. Collingwood Hughes, Bart.; in his seventy-sixth year, of Sir Charles Lanyon, the eminent civil engineer, Conservative M.P. for Belfast, 1866-8; in his seventy-first year, of Baron de Vries, Paymaster-in-Chief R.N.; of Dr. G. Owen Rees (who took his M.D. degree in 1837), Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, Consulting Physician to Guy's Hospital, among other institutions, and author of works on renal diseases; in his seventieth year, of Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus F. Braham, the only survivor of the family of the late John Braham, the celebrated vocalist; and, in his ninety-ninth year, of the Venerable Benjamin Philpot, formerly Archdeacon of the Isle of Man, who was probably the oldest clergyman of the Church of England, and who retained to the last the full enjoyment of his faculties. He is said, when recently preaching in Suffolk, to have astonished the congregation by telling them that the last time he preached from that pulpit it was in the year of the Battle of Waterloo. He has left thirty-six living grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren. One of his sons-in-law is the present Dean of Westminster, and another the well-known missionary Dr. Koelle. He had been for the last sixty years an energetic member of the Evangelical party, but his genial disposition endeared him to members of all parties and all classes.



PUNCTUALLY at one o'clock on Wednesday morning the House of Commons adjourned for the Whitsun holidays, which extend to Monday week. More than seven hours earlier the House of Lords had adjourned to a day later, meeting again on Tuesday week. It is not often that the holiday term of the two Houses so nearly corresponds, the Lords, in recognition of their more exhaustive labours, usually taking a longer holiday. The concatenation of circumstances was, in a large measure, due to a variation of the original intention of the Commons, which had been to resume work on Tuesday, the 13th. But Mr. Smith's diplomacy, successfully working to its ordered issue, had changed that. When fixing the terminus of the holiday for the 13th Mr. Smith had observed that, if work had only been in a more advanced state, there would be more holiday, and even hinted that it was not too late to mend. If only the House would diligently set itself to work no one could say that it might not be possible to extend the holidays.

The House of Commons, as every one knows, one of the greatest, most venerable, and most venerated institutions on the face of the earth. But, after all, there is a good deal of human nature about it. It is in some of its moods singularly like a public school, and from time to time nothing can come nearer to the manner of a good-natured Head Master than that of the First Lord of the Treasury. The whole comedy which led up to the arrangement for the holiday was most prettily played. Mr. Smith always said enough, but not too much. He never pledged himself to extend the holidays in any possible circumstances. He talked about it in a distant way, as if it were a matter immediately concerning the arrangement of some other big boys' school in Saturn or Mars. But the quick-witted House knew what it all meant, and, always of course with due solicitude for public interests committed to its charge, determined to have its holiday.

The earliest fruit from the seed carefully sown by Mr. Smith was seen on Monday night, which will remain ever memorable in the history of the present Parliament by reason of its swift accomplishment of work. The first business on the paper was the motion for the introduction of the Irish Bills, of which Mr. Balfour has charge. These are five in number, four dealing with the drainage of a large area of Ireland, and the other introducing a system of light railways. These Bills are not new to the House of Commons. They were brought in last year, and stood upon the paper for weeks and months, objects of unflinching hostility from the Irish members. Towards the end of the Session they naturally took their place among the Bills sacrificed. They were brought in again at the morning sitting on Friday with evidence of a renewal of last year's experience. Mr. Healy and Mr. Parnell, whilst refraining from moving an amendment, spoke scornfully of the Bills, whilst Mr. Biggar seconded a motion for their rejection submitted by Mr. Conybeare. Talked out at Friday's sitting, they came up again on Monday, and when Mr. Smith, asked at four o'clock what business would be taken, talked about bringing in the Board of Agriculture Bill at this same sitting, in succession to the Drainage Bills, members openly laughed.

But it is the unexpected that happens. The Irish member, declined to follow their distinguished compatriot, the member for Cavan, in his support of Mr. Conybeare's amendment. The member for Camborne, finding himself in the lowest depths of Parliamentary solitude, since even the Irish members would not join him in opposing the Government, withdrew his amendment and as early as six o'clock the Chief Secretary was able to bring in his four Drainage Bills, which were ordered to be read a first time. Abashed at permitting this Ministerial triumph, the Irish members rallied, and talked for an hour against the Light Railways Bill. But there was no reality in the Opposition, and by seven o'clock Mr. Balfour brought in the fifth, and last, of his cluster of Bills.

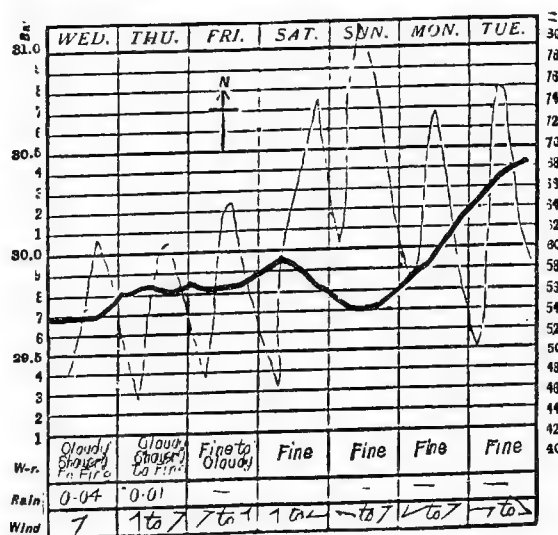
That was triumph enough to satisfy the aspirations of an ordinary Minister. But there was infinitely more to follow. The House got into Supply, Mr. Hanbury opening from the Conservative side an attack on the administration of the Mercantile Marine Department. He had evidently devoted much time and research to the subject, and occupied nearly an hour in setting it forth. But he does not possess the gift frequently displayed by Mr. Jennings, working on similar lines, in securing the pleased attention of the House. Possibly there underlay this, as some other phenomena, the secret influence of Mr. Smith's judicious reference to the holidays. If the important matter opened by Mr. Hanbury should be pursued to the end, progress with Supply would be stopped, the Board of Agriculture Bill must be postponed, and the extension of the holidays would be impossible. So Mr. Hanbury's voice was as one crying in the wilderness. Sir Michael Beach made an official reply, a major and a colonel appropriately discussed the subject-matter, Mr. Hanbury, disheartened and disconsolate, did not even press his amendment to a division, and the vote was agreed to.

Supply having served its purpose in working through the dinner-hour, Mr. Smith rose at ten o'clock, and moved the second reading of the Board of Agriculture Bill. This, he explained, provides for the establishment of a new Board on principles akin to those of which the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board are built, and to which all matters agricultural shall be referred. The new measure was received without enthusiasm, but without any demonstration of implacable hostility. On both sides some doubt was expressed as to whether any practical good would result from the new departure which, in the main, proposes to transfer from the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster to a newly-created Minister duties now more or less successfully performed. On the Opposition side, indication was given of a determination that there should be no duplication of salaries. 2,000*l.* a year is now paid to the Chancellor of the Duchy in consideration of his caring for agriculture, and if the care of agriculture is to be given into other hands, so must the 2,000*l.* On this point Mr. Smith showed a friendly disposition, and the second reading was agreed to without further controversy.

But even this considerable stride did not exhaust the working powers of the House. Several other important measures, including the Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill, the Secretary for Scotland Bill, and the Official Secrets Bill were advanced through critical stages. When the House met for the morning sitting on Tuesday, Mr. Smith, going a step further in his well-ordered course, intimated that if, before the sitting was suspended, Class II. of the Civil Service Estimates were dealt with in Committee, the Whitsuntide Holidays should extend to Monday, the 17th. The effect was magical. Vote after vote was put from the Chair, talked about, and agreed to. At ten minutes to seven, under the Standing Orders, the Committee must necessarily adjourn. But so anxious were members not to run any risk, that business was disposed of with an hour to spare, and, all anxiety now removed, members made up for their former reticence by utilising the motion for adjournment to discuss all possible subjects. In the evening, Mr. Chaplin brought on his motion in favour of bi-metallism, he and Mr. Samuel Smith between them, occupying two hours and three-quarters of the full measure of four hours' time possible for debate, which must needs close at one in the morning. Such an arrangement was, of course, incompatible with any practical conclusion, and just as one o'clock struck the debate stood indefinitely adjourned.

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1889.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (4th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this week was somewhat cool and rainy at first, but after the middle of the time temperature rose rapidly over England, where fine summer conditions prevailed to the end of the period. Thunderstorms were both very frequent and general, and at one time severe. Pressure was consistently lowest off our West and North-West Coasts, and highest over some portion of the Continent. Southerly winds were very general, and were most lightly over England, but in the West they commonly blew hard, and towards the close of the week attained slight gale force. Rain fell daily over the greater part of the country, and was heavy more than once in the South of Ireland, but over England very fair to fine summer-like weather prevailed during the greater part of the week. Night temperatures were higher generally, and after the first few days the thermometer rose by day to a decidedly high point over England, where values ranging from  $80^{\circ}$  and  $84^{\circ}$  were registered after the middle of the week. At the close of the time there appeared little probability of any material change in the fine conditions over England.

In London the barometer was highest (30·40 inches) on Tuesday (4th inst.); lowest (29·70 inches) on Wednesday and Sunday (29th ult. and 2nd inst.); range 0·70 inch.

The temperature was highest (82°) on Sunday (2nd inst.); lowest (46°) on Thursday (30th ult.); range 36°.

Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0·05 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0·04 inch on Wednesday (29th ult.).



A TON OF ROPE made from the hair of devout Japanese women has been used in the construction of a Buddhist temple at Kioto.

LADIES' CRICKET is in great favour in Ceylon, and the Kandy feminine Cricket Club have gone on a tour, challenging other local cricketers.

A SUBSCRIPTION "BIER-HALLE" is to be established in Berlin. For an annual payment of 30 $\ell$ . the thirsty soul may drink as much beer as he pleases.

PARASOLS ORNAMENTED WITH BEETLES, LIZARDS, and various fantastic creatures crawling about amongst silk and lace, are being used in Paris by some eccentric fashionable dames.

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL PROJECT is again much to the fore. The Swiss Federal Council have asked the Italian Government to hold an International Conference to settle the construction without further delay.

THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS are now again open to the public in the evenings from 6 P.M. until dusk, and on Sunday from 4.30 to 8 P.M. The poor children in the neighbouring courts and alleys especially benefit by the gardens, and during previous seasons they have never abused the privilege by bad behaviour or damaging the grass and flowers.

ANOTHER MEETING OF THE GERMAN AND ITALIAN SOVEREIGNS is planned, this time on the feminine side of the House. The Empress of Germany and the Queen of Italy are going at the same time to Kissingen to take the waters, when the German Empress will occupy Prince Bismarck's villa, and Queen Margaret will live next door.

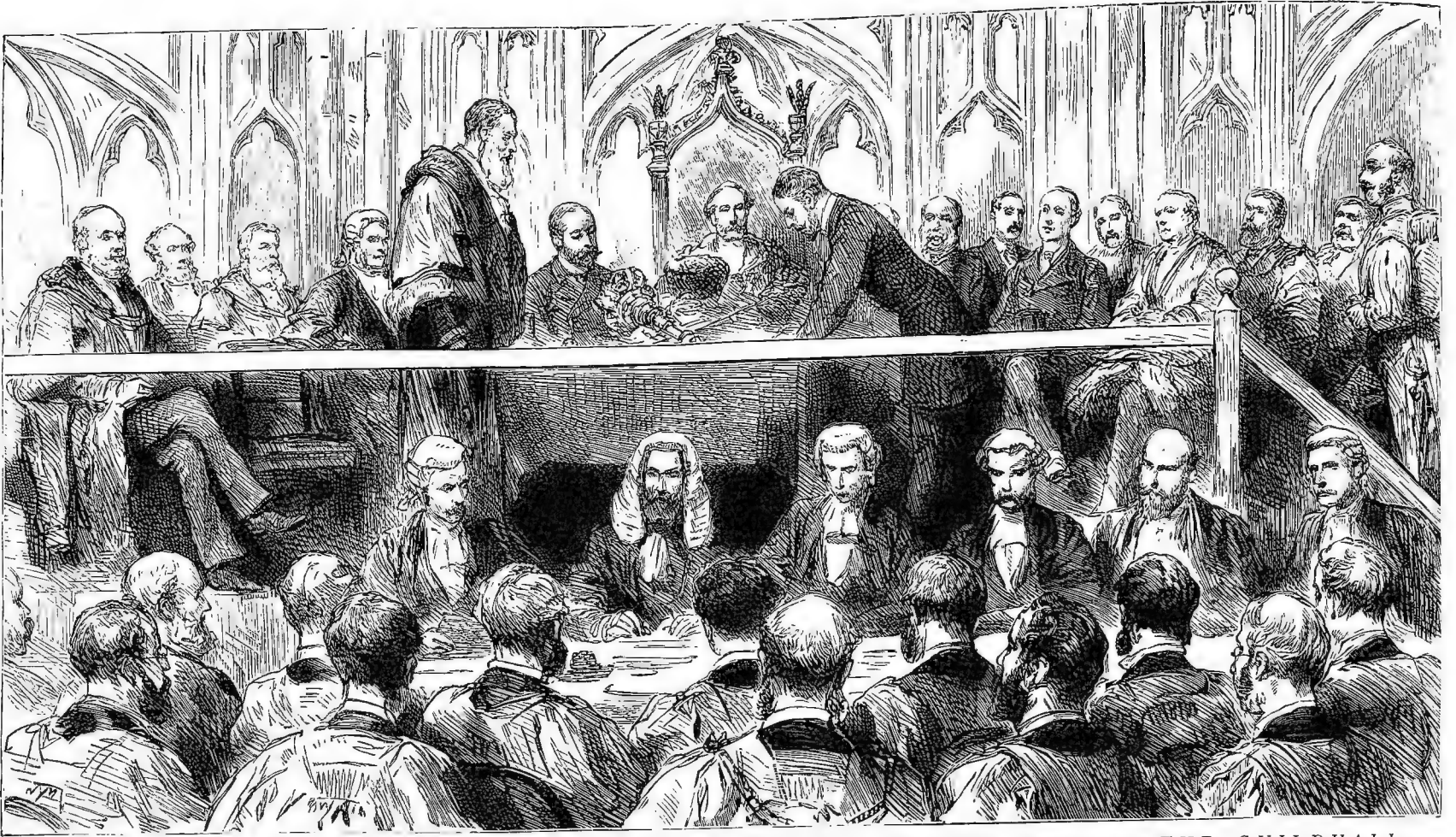
NATIVE POST OFFICE EMPLOYEES IN INDIA sometimes make odd blunders. A Babu sorting letters at an up-country station recently found an epistle addressed, "The Honorary Secretary, Sky Meeting." He pondered a little, being ignorant of turf matters, then suddenly thought that the secretary of any gathering connected with the skies above must be a clergyman. So the letter duly went to the chaplain!

A MONSTER FLIGHT OF CARRIER PIGEONS will take place at Paris early in August. The various pigeon-flying societies of France, Belgium, and Holland have united to let loose 100,000 birds from the new gardens laid out on the site of the Tuileries. Speaking of pigeons, Captain Wissmann has taken 200 carriers on his East African Expedition, expecting to find them more rapid and secure couriers to the coast than human beings. As the *Colonies and India* reminds us, carrier pigeons have long been used as postmen in the Fiji Islands, where they are sent from the chief ports to distant planters to announce the arrival of steamers. The planters then gather their fruit just in time to bring it to the steamers, and so avoid spoiling their crop by keeping it cut on hand.

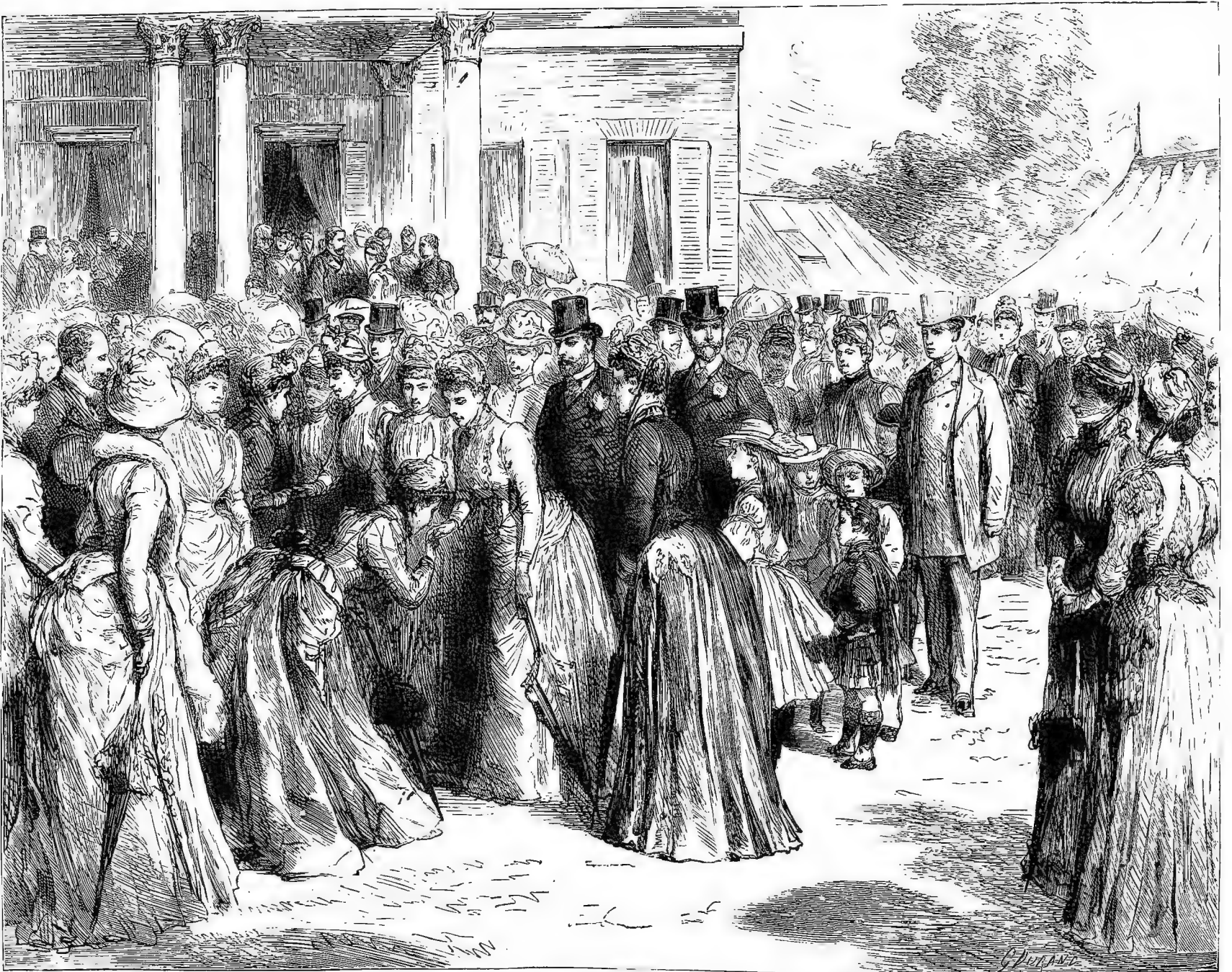
THE COMTE DE PARIS, whose Silver Wedding was celebrated last week, finds his time fully occupied with business, though he is an exile. Every morning, when at Sheen House, he is in his study by 5:30 A.M. in the summer, and by 6 A.M. in the winter, and sets to work at his correspondence, often by lamplight. At eight o'clock he takes coffee with his family, and then returns to work till noon, answering the letters received, which are docketed methodically in tin boxes on the floor by his side. The Comte reads every letter sent to him and replies conscientiously to each, certainly having the pen of a ready writer. Breakfast is served at noon, when guests often join the family, but the meal is very short, for numerous audiences are to follow, and frequently occupy the whole day until dinner at seven. The head of the Orleanist House possesses a truly royal memory and exceptional knowledge, being always well acquainted with any subject on which those received in audience may happen to address him. At fifty-one years of age he is a strong, robust man, whose hair is turning gray, like the fine beard which he has recently allowed to grow as in younger days. The Orleans family live very quietly at Sheen House, which itself is an ordinary-looking mansion, ornamented with Corinthian pillars, and standing in good grounds, but it is endeared to the family as having been the refuge of the Duchesse de Montpensier and the Duc de Nemours, with his elder daughter, Princess Marguerite, after the 1848 Revolution. It then belonged to the Belgian Minister, M. Van de Weyer. One of the features of last week's Silver Wedding gifts was the quantity of roses, the Comtesse having founded the Rose League. Real roses abounded in every possible design, and the Queen of Flowers appeared in silver, gold, diamonds, and other jewels on fans, photograph frames, blotting-books, card-cases, and a host of minor gifts.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—The lifts on the Eiffel Tower having been now fully tested, the public are able to ascend in comfort, and also to reach the third and last platform. The journey to the top only takes some seven or eight minutes, although there are three distinct kinds of lifts, and the passengers have to change several times. The Combaluzier lift goes up to the first platform, the Otis lift to the second, whence the Edoux system reaches to the third stige, passengers having to change midway in the last journey. The Edoux lift is quite vertical, and consists of two square cages, which balance each other, and are supported by huge ropes of plaited steel wire. Some 200 or 300 persons can find room on the third platform, whence a staircase leads to the Pharos above, although this will be the goal only of a privileged few. A diamond Eiffel Tower is being made in the Jewellery section, which will be one of the marvels of the Exhibition. Every minute detail—restaurants, lifts, the *Figaro* printing-office, the Pharos, with a tiny electric lamp, and the flags—is represented in brilliants, with sapphires and rubies to imitate the tricolour when needed. Some 30,000 diamonds have been used, together with a mass of gold and silver for setting. Speaking of these precious stones, a capital diamond-cutting workshop has been opened in the Dutch section, installed in a picturesque Dutch House of the sixteenth century, ornamented with real Delft pottery. The Chilian pavilion has also just been inaugurated—an elegant ironwork structure in Renaissance style, which will be sent to Chili after the Exhibition. The Annamite Village is nearly finished, and will exactly represent the square of the Marché Brûlé at Hanoi. Wealthy planters' houses and native huts in bamboo will be shown, each inhabited by an Annamite plying some trade. The natives wear wide dark-blue trousers and blouses bordered with orange red, and a moon surrounded by Annamite characters decorated the chest and back. Close by is a collection of Tonkinese Buddhas with nine bonzes, who will carry on their religious services as soon as their temple is ready.—Parisian shop-keepers have found a fresh cause of complaint against the Exhibition—the sale of little souvenirs in the kiosks devoted to newspapers and catalogues. The “petites vendeuses” find that their stock of journals and catalogues does not go off sufficiently well to afford them any profit after the daily hire of their Kiosks, 4s., so they sell models of the Eiffel Tower, views of the Exhibition, medals, and so forth to eke out their earnings. The shopkeepers declare that these poor women damage their trade, and so M. Berger has been asked to interfere.





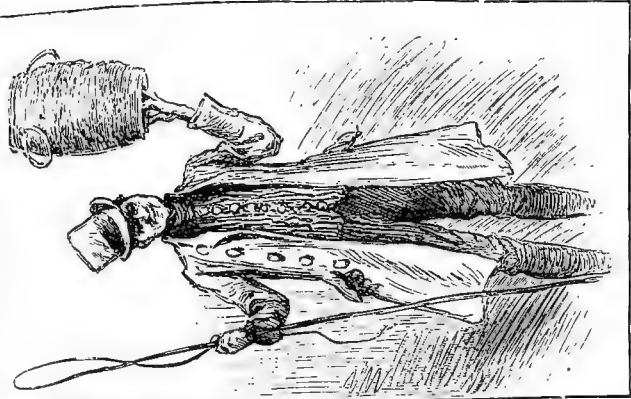
PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY IN THE GUILDHALL



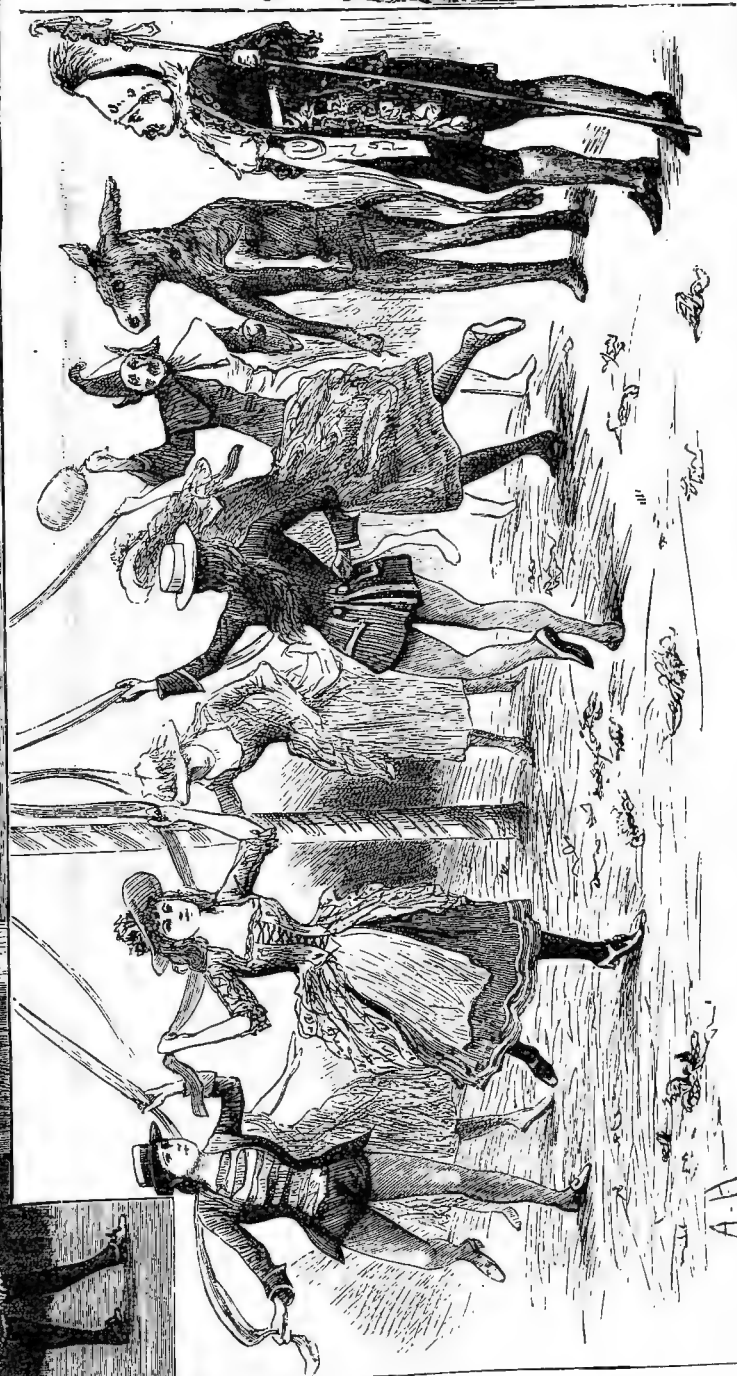
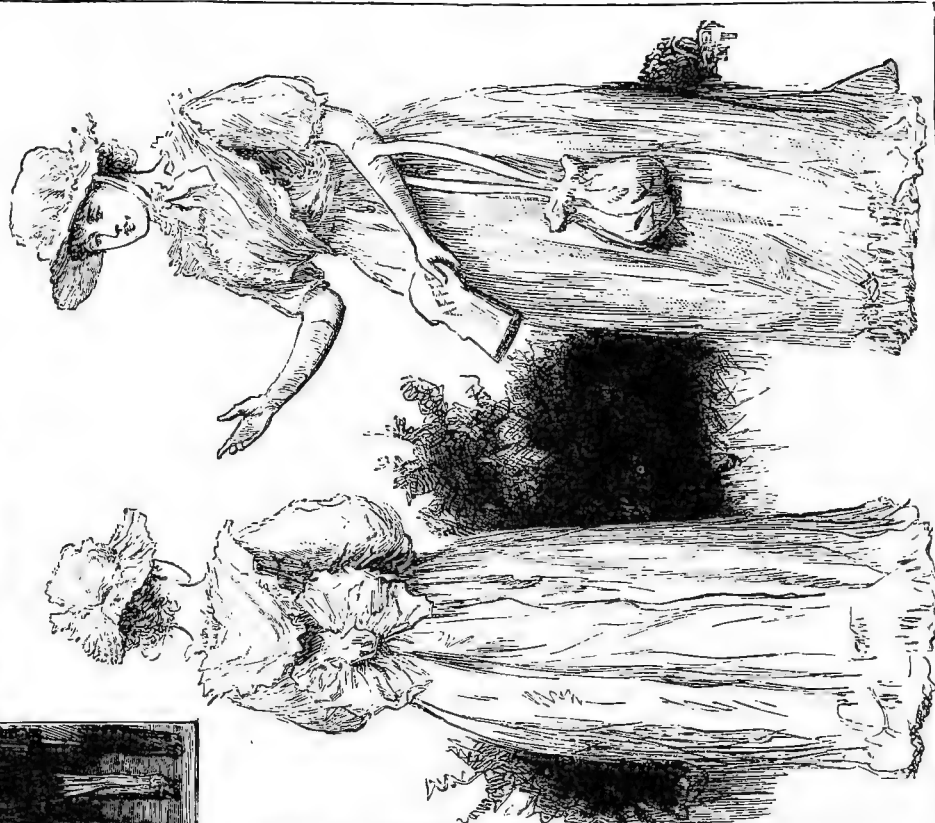
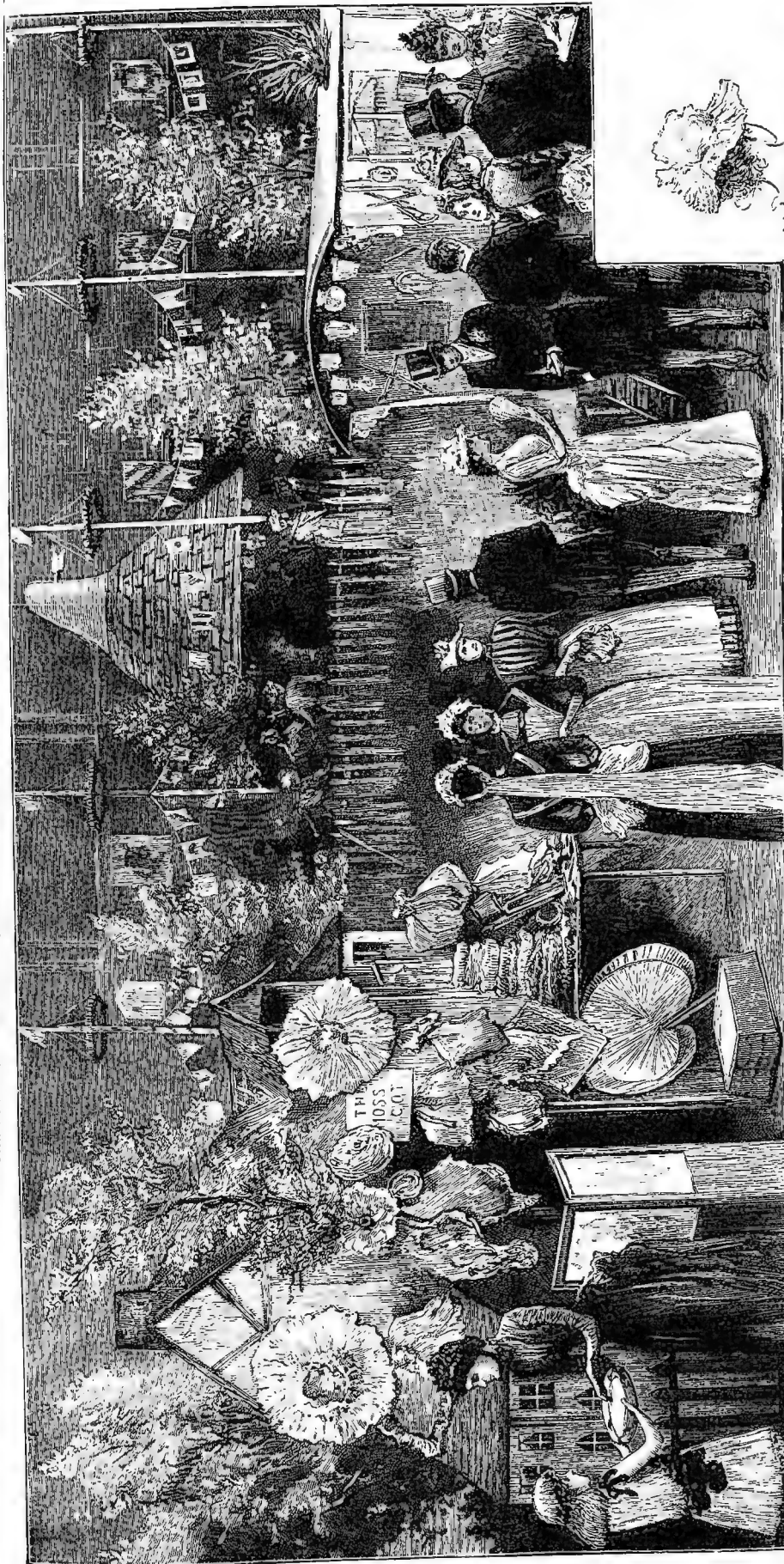
THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE COMTE AND COMTESSE DE PARIS  
THE GARDEN PARTY AT SHEEN HOUSE



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS HOLLING AN AUCTION



THE SCENE IN THE ARENA (SHOWING THE MOSS COT, THE CARAVAN, AND THE HOP OAST)



SELLERS OF "THE GOLDEN GRAIN GUIDE"

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL

THE REVELS  
"THE AL FRESCO FAYRE AND FLORAL FETE" AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL  
IN AID OF THE GROSVENOR HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A.H.





THE most terrible flood which has been recorded since the universal Deluge has wrought death and devastation in the UNITED STATES. In the early part of last week heavy rain-storms prevailed in the Alleghany Mountain region, swelling the rivers and streams, causing freshets and floods over a wide extent of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and the adjoining districts. Buildings and crops were destroyed and railways obstructed, every stream became a raging torrent, while the Susquehanna River overflowed its banks at Harrisburg, Williamsport, Carlisle, and other towns. The most appalling disaster, however, occurred in the Conemaugh Valley, on the western slope of the Alleghanies, one of the head waters of the Ohio River. From the summit of the mountains, towards Pittsburg, is a deep gorge, containing many tributary streams. There are situated numerous flourishing and populous mining and manufacturing towns—the chief being Johnstown, containing a population of 30,000—eighty-five miles to the east of Pittsburg, and being the seat of the extensive works of the Cambria Iron Company. About three miles distant, and some 250 feet above the town, is the largest reservoir in the United States, covering nearly four square miles. This was originally made as a feeder for the Pennsylvania Canal, and the waters were held by a dam 700 feet wide and 100 feet high. For some weeks previously the dam showed signs of weakness, but no notice was taken of these warnings, and on Thursday week, at 5 P.M., the dam burst, and the waters pouring down into the gorge swept Johnstown from the face of the earth, and for twelve miles in succession cleared away every town and village, and destroyed all the railways, telegraphs, and mills. Many persons saved themselves by flying to the hills, and others, floating down the stream on drift wood, were rescued by men along the shores, but these were few in comparison with those who perished. The Pennsylvania Railway bridge at Johnstown for a time held firm, and here wreckage of all kinds was piled until rafters and timbers projected above the stonework. Next houses crowded with human beings crashed up, one after another, until the terrible mass extended half a mile up stream. "No pen," wired the *Times* correspondent, "can describe the horror or the shrieks of the thousands held fast in that mass of floating ruins. Then the mass caught fire near the bridge, and hundreds not drowned or crushed in the rush down stream were burnt alive." This was on the left side of the bridge, and meanwhile the greater bulk of the houses had gone down the right bank, and a portion of the bridge being carried away, the flood bore down upon the thousands of homes in Johnstown, and floated them off further to the west in the Conemaugh. The most heartrending incidents were witnessed, whole families being sometimes engulfed, while here and there might be seen a solitary survivor delirious with grief and horror. Not a house was left standing or plumb, hundreds being turned on their sides, while in some cases three or four stood one on the top of the other. Thousands of dead bodies were floated down the stream or cast up on the banks, and the whole scene was one of the most agonising ever chronicled in the world's history—the number of lives lost being estimated by Governor Beaver at from 8,000 to 10,000, and the loss of property at from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000.

The authorities lost no time in organising measures for the relief of the survivors. Trains full of provisions, medical comforts, and tents were at once sent off, large subscription funds raised in all parts of the States, and all possible provision made to bury the dead, and to prevent a pestilence from breaking out, owing to the number of exposed and decaying corpses of men and animals. As the waters receded the ruins were explored, and by Tuesday above 2,200 bodies had been recovered. A band of Hungarian marauders were discovered in the act of rifling the dead, and with great promptitude were lynched—some being driven in the water and drowned, and others being hanged. In their pockets were found the fingers and ears of their victims which they had cut off in their haste to obtain the jewels. The burning mass at Johnstown Bridge was allowed to smoulder, and the doctors strongly advised this course as the best means of disposing of the dead, and of averting an epidemic. The magnitude of this disaster completely overshadows the havoc wrought elsewhere by the floods which have been unparalleled in many other districts, especially that of the west branch of the Susquehanna River. At Lockhaven, Milton, Williamsport, and other towns one hundred and fifty lives were lost; Williamsport being submerged to the depth of three feet. The river rose thirty-four feet, and, breaking a timber boom, released 200,000,000 feet of logs, besides destroying the lumber mills, and carrying down 40,000,000 feet of sawed timber. One bridge crowded with sight-seers gave way, fifty persons being drowned, the rest being saved on the logs floating down the river. Other districts have equally suffered, and the traffic West by the through routes has been almost completely interrupted. With the energy characteristic of the Americans, however, no time appears to have been lost in repairing damages. Railway authorities have set about constructing temporary bridges, the Cambria Ironworks Company have taken steps to rebuild their premises, and while no pains are spared to succour the sufferers, there is no lack of enterprise displayed in endeavouring to remedy the catastrophe from a practical point of view, and to restore the industries and manufactures which formerly flourished in this district. Johnstown in particular was a model workman's town, and the ironworkers' dwellings were constantly being held up by Anglophobic politicians in contrast with the labourers' and working men's cottages in England and Ireland.

In FRANCE M. Carnot inaugurated on Monday the new docks and harbour works at Calais, which were begun in 1875, and which will now make the port accessible to vessels of high tonnage. President Carnot arrived in the morning, and, after the usual official welcome and reception at the Hôtel de Ville, drove to the Hôtel Dessin, where Sterne laid the commencing scenes of the "Sentimental Journey." There the President received a huge bouquet from the two children of the proprietor, and inside the Hôtel was welcomed by ten fisher-maidens in all the glory of their picturesque attire, who presented him with another bouquet and a huge bass. At one o'clock the President embarked on board the despatch-boat *Mouvette*, and followed by four torpedo boats, the French despatch-boat *Elan*, the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway's steamers, *Petrel* and *Invicta*, and the South-Eastern Railway's steamer *Albert Edward*, steamed into the new basin amid the cheers of thousands of spectators who lined the shore. At the end of the basin M. Carnot landed, and then was taken in a launch to the smaller docks and basins which we have mentioned above—subsequently inspecting the new Central Station and the *Calais-Douvres*. He next paid a visit to the lace-making suburb of St. Pierre, and in the evening attended a grand banquet, alluding in his speech to the fact that, twenty-five years ago, he was at Calais as a Government engineer, and to the changes that have taken place in both town and port. "It was the port of the Continent," he remarked, "the gateway of amicable union between two nations."

On Tuesday M. Carnot visited Boulogne, where he had a hearty reception, and, after the inevitable reception at the Town Hall, visited the hospital and pen factory and some cement works, and

then, embarking on board the *Marengo*, reviewed the ships of the squadron, and inaugurated the great western breakwater, a fine structure, which has just been completed, at a cost of 640,000*l.*, and which completely shelters the approach to the harbour. After a lunch with the Chamber of Commerce, during which the Chairman requested that the harbour breakwater might bear the name of the Digue Carnot, the President returned to Paris after five days' hard work of sight-seeing, and speechifying. It is significant that though he has traversed one of the most Boulangist parts of France no hostile cry was raised.

In PARIS there is little stirring, as every one is engaged with the Exhibition, and political circles are abnormally quiet. The Chamber has been languidly debating the Foreign Office Estimates, and the Radical party has been signing an address in reply to that sent by the members of the House of Commons to President Carnot regretting the absence of the British Ambassador from the opening ceremony of the Exhibition. Both the Conservatives and the Moderate Republicans refuse to sign it, as they object to the principle of a Parliamentary Opposition thus expressing to a foreign Power its dissatisfaction with the acts of the Cabinet in office. Financial circles have been discussing Panama matters, which do not appear to progress very fast, and the yearly report of the Suez Canal, which shows that the receipts last year were 2,640,000*l.*, and the expenses a little over 300,000*l.*—or 11½ per cent. Three thousand four hundred and forty vessels used the Canal, of which one thousand six hundred and eight passed by night. The proposed conversion of the Egyptian Debt is also attracting considerable attention, particularly as on Tuesday M. Spuller declared in the Chamber that the conversion—which needed the consent of the Powers—could not be discussed without evacuation being considered, especially as England had repeatedly recognised this. As soon as Egypt possessed a security demonstrated by conversion projects, the time had come to see whether evacuation was possible. It was one thing to treat with Egypt under English rule, and it would be quite another to treat with the Egyptian Government itself.

In EASTERN EUROPE there were serious riots at Belgrade last week, during which M. Garashanine fired a revolver and, his enemies assert, killed a young student. He has accordingly been arrested, and is to be tried for murder. The ex-Metropolitan Michael has returned, and has received visits from the Regents, Ministers, and chief officials. Ex-King Milan is now expected back, and it is stated that the Regency has succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between him and the ex-Metropolitan, who is to be received in private audience. In this case the ex-Metropolitan will succeed Theodosius, the present holder of the office, who will retire into a convent. Much excitement has been produced by the action of the Servian Government in taking possession of the State Railways, which have hitherto been worked by a French company, but whose contract has been cancelled on account of the alleged discovery of grave abuses. The company have protested to the French Government, which has entered into diplomatic negotiations with the Servian Cabinet. The latter is now treating with the company for the purchase of its rolling-stock. There is a general feeling in Belgrade that Austrian influence is rapidly on the decline, and that Russia will soon be again the supreme political authority. In fact, throughout the Balkans, Austria is considered to be fast losing ground, and Russian and Slavist influence to be enormously on the increase. Consequently there is naturally a growing uneasiness in high circles in Bulgaria, to which Principality Russia will probably bestow her attention when she has secured Serbia. The toast of the Czar to the Prince of Montenegro at St. Petersburg, as "the sole sincere and faithful friend of Russia," has excited much comment throughout Europe, and is looked upon as another sign of the times in VIENNA, where Russia is credited with the intention of making Prince Nicholas the future King of Great Serbia, which, in other words, would be another "Little Russia," and absorb all the States of the Balkan Peninsula. If the Czarevitch, as report has it, is to be betrothed to Prince Nicholas' daughter, this will be a further proof of the Czar's determination to replace the all-prevailing German element in the Royal Family by more national Slavonic alliances.

In INDIA Lord Connemara has been to Ganjam, and has made a tour round the district where the distress mainly prevails. No actual famine has to be chronicled, but all the tanks are dry, and the number of coolies on the Rushkulya relief works increased from 3,000 in January to 12,500 in April, and as many more are employed in other works. The number of recipients of gratuitous relief advanced from 260 in March to 7,000. Four thousand deaths from cholera occurred in May. At Ganjam in particular 3,000 persons were in receipt of pecuniary relief on Tuesday.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—The Shah is expected at Berlin to-morrow (Sunday), and at Antwerp, where he will stay three days, on June 23rd.—In ITALY King Humbert was received at Rome with a most enthusiastic welcome on his return from Germany, most of the Deputies and a large portion of the Senate being present. The carriage took nearly an hour to drive to the Quirinal, and throughout the route cries of "Viva la Germania!" "Viva l'Imperatore!" were raised.—In SPAIN the crisis has been practically solved by the closing of the Parliamentary Session, so that Señor Martos will be removed from the Chair of Congress without any further scenes. When Congress reassembles on the 14th inst., a new President will be chosen.—On Tuesday, the Parliament of Victoria was opened by Sir W. C. F. Robinson, the Acting-Governor, who gave a very glowing account of the condition of the country, and particularly of the progress which had been made in the Colonial defences, and which had attracted the warm praise of British statesmen and competent critics in England. He warned his hearers that it would be rash to assume that the marvellous prosperity of the last three years would continue indefinitely.—In HAYTI hostilities appear to be at an end, and General Hippolyte is now paramount.



THE QUEEN held an investiture of various Orders at Windsor Castle on Saturday. Accompanied by Princess Victoria of Prussia—who had arrived from Germany that morning on a visit to her grandmother—the Princess of Leiningen, and the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg, with her brother, Prince Henry, Her Majesty performed the ceremonies in the White Drawing Room, afterwards entertaining her guests at luncheon, during which the band of the Grenadier Guards played. The Queen decorated six gentlemen with the First Class of the Order of the Bath and eleven with the Second Class; bestowing the Order of St. Michael and St. George on Sir T. F. Wade, the Second Class on two other gentlemen, and invested four gentlemen with the Order of the Indian Empire. Her Majesty further conferred privately the Order of the Bath on Sir William Jenner. Princess Louise arrived later, and in the evening Lord Norton, Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, and Colonel Horne joined the Royal party at dinner. On Sunday morning the

Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where Canon Fleming preached. The Prince of Wales arrived at the Castle in the evening and dined with Her Majesty returning to Marlborough House next morning. Next day Her Majesty presented new colours to the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, and subsequently the Princess of Wales and her daughters arrived and lunched with the Queen. The ceremony took place in the Quadrangle of Windsor Castle—Princes and Princesses staying at the Castle being present with Her Majesty, and afterwards the troops, some 450, had refreshments in the Riding School. On Tuesday evening the Queen witnessed the procession of the Eton College boats on the Thames, and with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Princesses watched the proceedings from a meadow at Clewer Court, between the Windsor racecourse and the railway bridge. On Thursday night the Queen was to leave Windsor for Balmoral, where the Court will remain until the 26th inst., returning to Windsor in time for the close of the Royal Agricultural Jubilee Show. Among Court festivities there will be another State Ball at the end of this month, and a State Concert early in July.

The Prince of Wales accompanied his younger son Prince George to the City on Saturday, when the young Prince was presented with the freedom of the City at the Guildhall. In the evening the Prince of Wales went to the French Plays, while the Princess, with Prince George and Princes George of Greece and Charles of Denmark, were at the Opera. Next morning, the Prince and Princess, attended Divine Service, and in the afternoon Princes George of Greece and Charles of Denmark left town to rejoin their vessel, the Danish corvette *Dagmar*. On Monday, the Prince of Wales held a Levée on behalf of the Queen, and in the evening dined with the members of the Grenadier Guards' Club, while the Princess, her daughter, and Prince George went to the Italian Opera. On Tuesday, the Princess and her daughters visited the Annual Exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries in the Albert Hall, and the Exhibition of the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. In the afternoon Madame Nissen recited before the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess and family, with a large party of guests, went to the Derby on Wednesday, and in the evening the Prince gave his annual dinner to the members of the Jockey Club. Next evening the Royal party would be present at Madame de Falbe's dance, while yesterday (Friday) they intended to go to the Oaks.—On Saturday the Prince and Princess go to Paris for four or five days in order to visit the Exhibition.—Monday was Prince George's twenty-fourth birthday.

The Duchess of Edinburgh went to the French Plays on Saturday afternoon. On Tuesday night she attended Countess Beauchamp's ball, and to-day (Saturday) the Duke and Duchess leave England for Kissingen and St. Petersburg respectively.—As President of the Royal School of Art Needlework, Princess Christian opened the Annual Sale of the students' work on Monday, and assisted at one of the stalls. The Princess was to distribute the prizes to the successful pupils of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, Camden Road, yesterday (Friday).—Princess Louise visited Leicester at the end of last week to open a Children's Hospital, and, during her stay, inspected the ruins of the Abbey and other sights of the city. On Saturday, she was present at the Annual Meeting of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. The Princess goes to Maidstone on the 28th inst., to inaugurate the Hollingsworth Memorial Building of the West Kent General Hospital.—The marriage of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, the youngest brother of the Czar, with the Princess Alexandra of Greece, takes place at St. Petersburg next Thursday, and the bride-elect left Athens on Saturday for Russia, with her parents and family. Crowds witnessed the departure, the young Princess being very popular. Another Russian Royal wedding in prospect is that of Grand Duke Peter Nicolaevitch, second son of Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle to the Czar, with Princess Militza of Montenegro, second daughter of the reigning Prince. The fiancés are respectively twenty-five and twenty-two, and the Princess is a most beautiful girl. The marriage is fixed for August 8th, at Cetinje.

### THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S CHAIR

THE seat and back of the hammock chair in the Sandringham Section of the Home Arts and Industries Exhibition is made of a long piece of leather, which has been beautifully worked by T.R.H. the Princess of Wales and the Princess Victoria.

The design, by the class-holder of the Sandringham School, is exactly what a leather design should be—it fills its space, is well balanced, and has long sweeping curves which suggest the swing of the seat of a chair of hammock construction. Last year Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales exhibited a small Bradshaw cover in Russia leather, which was also beautifully worked, but the chair exhibited this year is far in advance of anything that has yet been done.

H.R.H. Princess Maud of Wales exhibits a blotter with a very spiritedly-executed sketch of a horse and rider in great danger—the rendering of the foreshortening being a very difficult effect to obtain in leather. Another exhibit, which is of considerable interest to leather workers, is an inlaid blotter, lent, as a specimen, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. It is, perhaps, the most difficult

work exhibited, but the amount of skill requisite to its accomplishment, and its costliness, would put it beyond the reach of the ordinary worker. We ought, perhaps, to point out that the work at Sandringham is carried on, as in the other classes of the Association, without professional aid, and that the pupils are the cottagers of the estate.

THE LARGEST SALMON ever caught in the Tay was landed on Tuesday by net near Kinfauns. It turned the scale at 70 lbs.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and numbered 1,151 deaths against 1,267 during the previous seven days, being only 13·8 per 1,000, the lowest death-rate which has been registered since the fourth week in September, 1885. The births numbered 2,405 against 2,402 the previous week.

THE RAILWAY UP MOUNT PILATUS, near Lucerne, was opened to the public on Tuesday. The line was tried last autumn, but has now been put to practical use. At present the railway reaches to the Klimeshorn—a height of about 6,600 feet, and has yet to be carried to the top of the Esel peak. Thirty-two passengers can ascend in each carriage, the journey taking about 1½ hours from Alpnacht, and the line is planned much on the Rigi system, except that the engine has two cog wheels to regulate its progress instead of one, as on most mountain routes.



EMBOSSED LEATHER CHAIR  
Made by the Princess of Wales

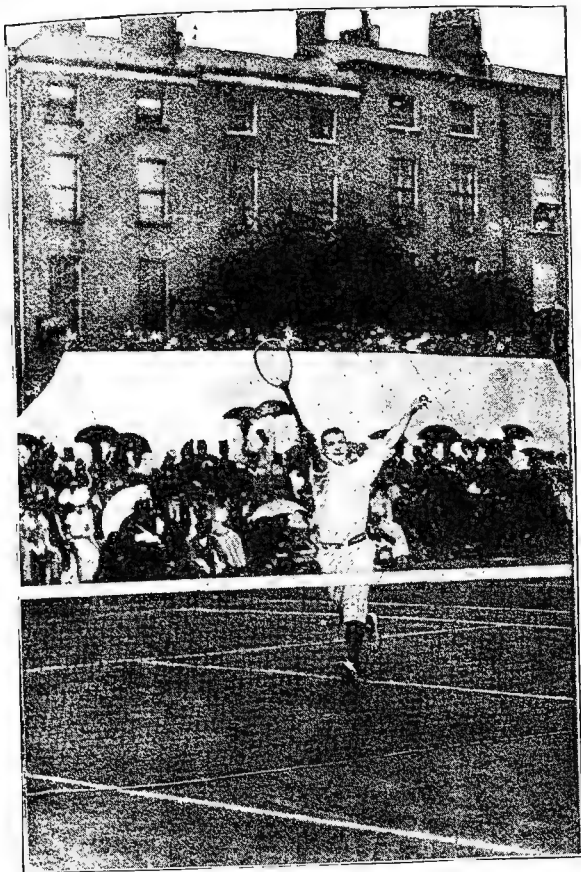


## SOME INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS

OF late years, thanks to exceedingly sensitive gelatine plates, rapid lenses, and shutters by which it is possible to make an exposure of less than a four-hundredth of a second, the science, or perhaps we ought to call it the art, of instantaneous photography has made strides of such rapidity that there are few animal movements which cannot be chronicled with more than life-like accuracy. We say more than life-like avowedly, for until Mr. Muybridge exhibited his marvellous photographs of a galloping horse, the closest

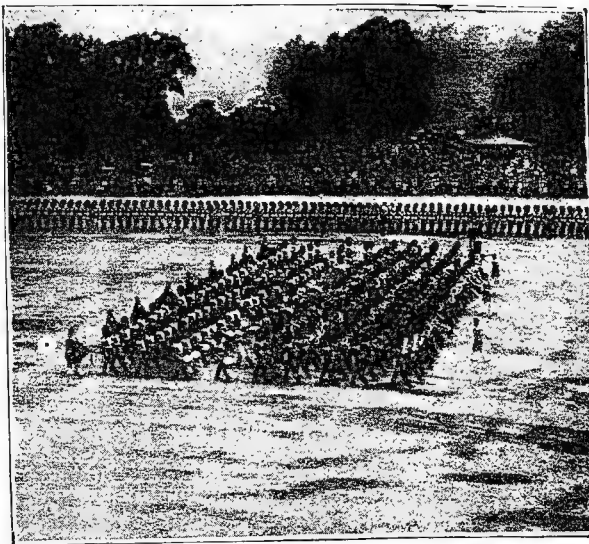
veritably oval shape. These photographs, Mr. Meldon states, were taken by the new Special Paget Plates, and received an exposure of 1-400th of a second, with a Ross Rapid Symmetrical Lens of twelve inch focus. The two illustrations of the Horse Guards' Parade, on the Queen's Birthday, were taken by Mr.

it in occupation. As we have already remarked, one of the chief points of photography is that the truth of its representation is unimpeachable. Had these illustrations been taken from sketches our artist might have been accused of allowing his pencil to be inspired by partisan feelings; but the camera knows no political or other susceptibilities, but simply tells a plain unvarnished tale.



AT THE FITZWILLIAM LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT DUBLIN  
—MR. LEWIS RUNS IN FOR A "VOLLEY"

student of equine nature could have had no idea of the apparently awkward and inartistic series of movements which are severally so rapid as to be invisible to the naked vision, but which when combined produce upon the eye the effect of grace and lightness. It is much the same thing with regard to the various positions of a man jumping, or, indeed, going through any form of athletic exercise. At the same time, there is no gainsaying the absolutely truthful nature of the positions the camera portrays. This has been prettily demonstrated by putting photographs of the various positions of the galloping horse or jumping man into a revolving disk—like the well-known toy the zoetrope



THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY—  
MORNING—THE TROOPING OF THE COLOURS

D. Shackelton, and are highly interesting from more than a photographic point of view. They certainly serve to contrast the orderly manner in which the trooping of the colours was carried out when the ground was kept by the military authorities a. d. he



THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY—  
THE FIREMEN'S PARADE

police, with the scene in the afternoon at the firemen's parade, before the Prince and Princess of Wales, when the County Council tried its 'prentice hand at organising a public ceremony, and when Mr. Howard Vincent and his gallant six hundred arrived too late to clear the ground of the dense throng which held



THE DEANERY OF NORWICH has been conferred by the Prime Minister on the Venerable William Lefroy, Incumbent of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, and Archdeacon of Warrington.

THE PRIVATE CONFERENCE of Evangelical Churchmen on the present state of ecclesiastical affairs will, the *Record* understands, be held in London on June 19th and 20th. Among the laymen and clerics who have expressed approval of it are the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Wolseley, Lord Grimthorpe, and Bishops Perry, Hellmuth, and Marsden. The Dean of Canterbury will deliver an address at the opening service in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. One of the subjects suggested for discussion is the "Necessity of Protestant Churchmen uniting to uphold the Reformation principles of the Church of England."

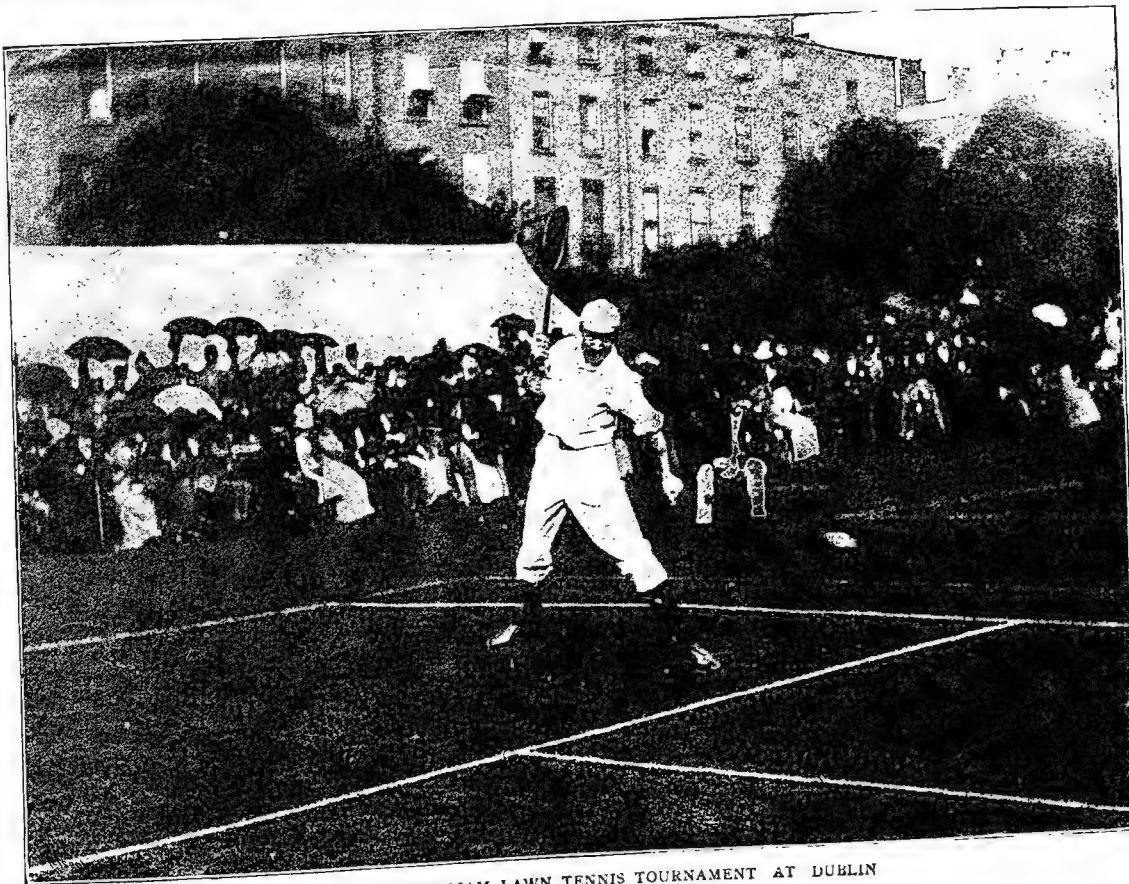
THE REREDOS IN ST. PAUL'S.—The rather eagerly expected judgment on this case has been delivered. The questions involved in it, and the prior decision bearing on it, have been already somewhat amply referred to in our columns. It will be remembered that the issue on which the Queen's Bench Division had to decide was not the legality of the reredos, but whether the Bishop of London in disallowing proceedings to test its legality had acted in conformity with the Public Worship Regulation Act, which permits him so to decide only "after considering the whole circumstances of the case." Bishop Temple based his decision mainly on the Exeter case, in which a sculptural representation of the Ascension was pronounced legal, and between this representation and that of the Crucifixion in the St. Paul's reredos, he said, there was no difference of principle involved. Two of the Judges, Lord Coleridge, and Mr. Justice Manisty, Mr. Baron Pollock dissenting, held, on the contrary, that there was an essential difference between the two. Further, Lord Coleridge pointed out that the Privy Council, while allowing the legality of the representation of the Ascension, had pronounced "a crucifix" to be illegal, and he held that for the Bishop of London "to mistake the meaning of a decision on which he founds his own is a reason for a court of law setting aside the Bishop's action, as not founded on the condition precedent required by Parliament." Subject to appeal, a mandamus will, therefore, be issued enjoining the Bishop of London to rehear the protest against the legality of the reredos, and to take into account "the whole circumstances of the case." Canon Liddon offers corrections of statements in Lord Coleridge's judgment. The most important of them relates to his description of the central object in the St. Paul's reredos as a crucifix. This Dr. Liddon considers a mistake, a crucifix being, he says, "a figure of Our Lord detached from the historical circumstances of the Crucifixion, with a view to concentrating devotional attention on itself," whereas in the St. Paul's reredos, "around the figure of Our Lord are grouped statues in relief, not only of St. Mary and St. John, but also of St. Mary Magdalene and the Centurion."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Bishop of Lincoln, the *Pull Mall Gazette* is "enabled to state," has resolved to submit himself to the judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury, before whom the case for the prosecution will, therefore, come on in due course.—The Very Rev. Montague Butler, D.D., Master of Trinity College, has been elected Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University for the year commencing October 1st.—The Rev. John G. Curry, Head of the Charterhouse Mission, Newington, has been appointed by the Bishop of Rochester to the living of Holy Trinity, Southwark.—At the fourteenth annual meeting of the Sunday Society; Sir James Linton presiding, it was stated that the People's Palace (with Sunday concerts) and four public libraries are now open on Sundays in London, where six Sunday Art exhibitions had been opened by the Society during the past year, attended by 7,352 persons. The people of Edinburgh were congratulated on the extension of the Sunday opening movement in that city.



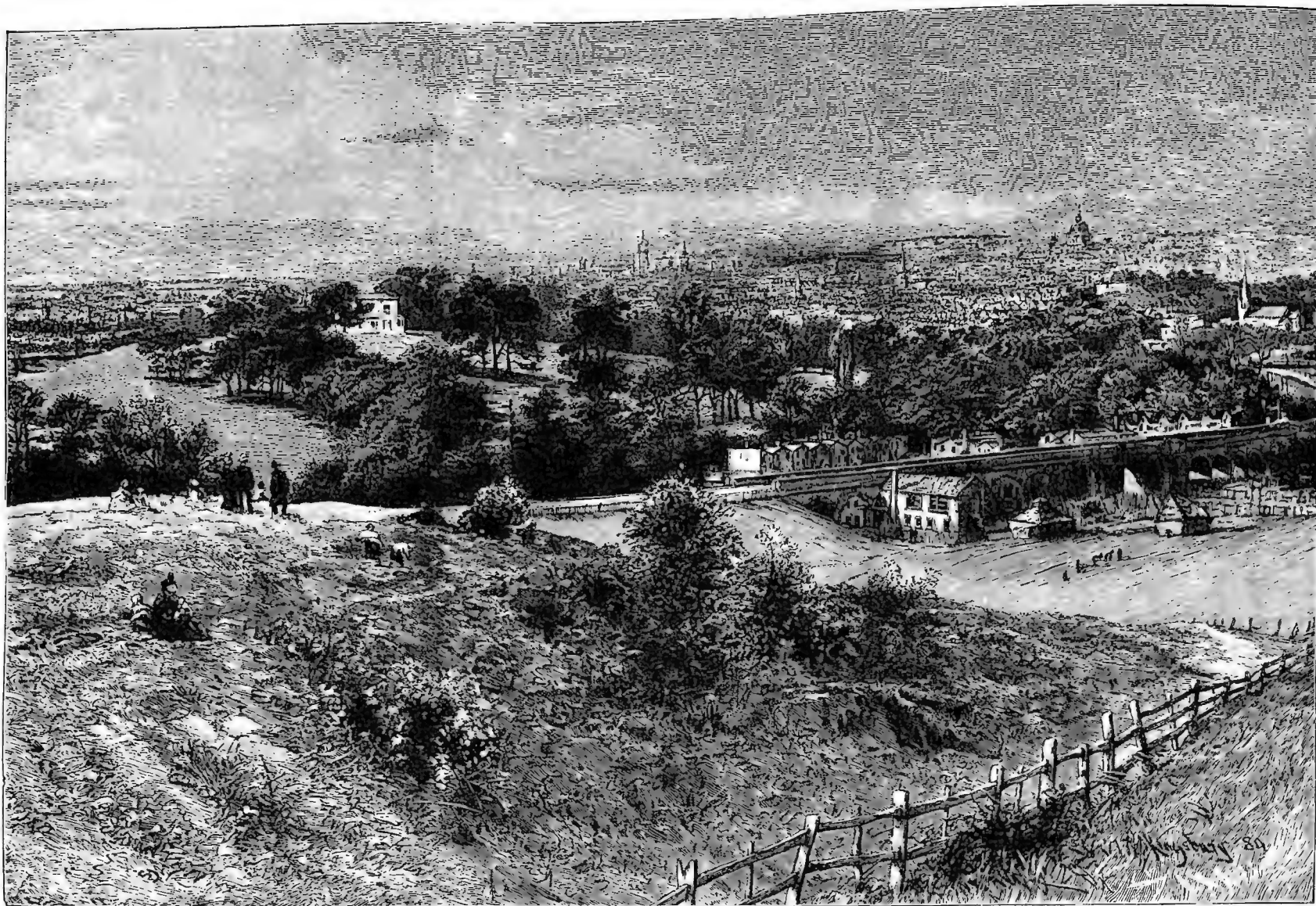
AT THE FITZWILLIAM LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT DUBLIN  
—MR. PIM REACHES UP TO HIS BALL

—when they resolve themselves at once into the orthodox movements so familiar to our eyes. Three of our engravings are from admirable photographs taken by Mr. L. Meldon, of Dublin, at the Fitzwilliam Lawn Tennis Tournament, and serve to illustrate some very curious features. In one, Mr. Lewis is depicted with both feet off the ground evidently hastening to volley the ball. In another, Mr. Pim is reaching towards the ball, which can be seen clearly defined, while the striker's racket is blurred—owing to the greater speed with which the latter is being driven through the air. In the third illustration, Mr. Lawford, as in the first instance, is completely off the ground, but the ball has manifestly been driven with considerable force and speed, and in the photograph is blurred into a



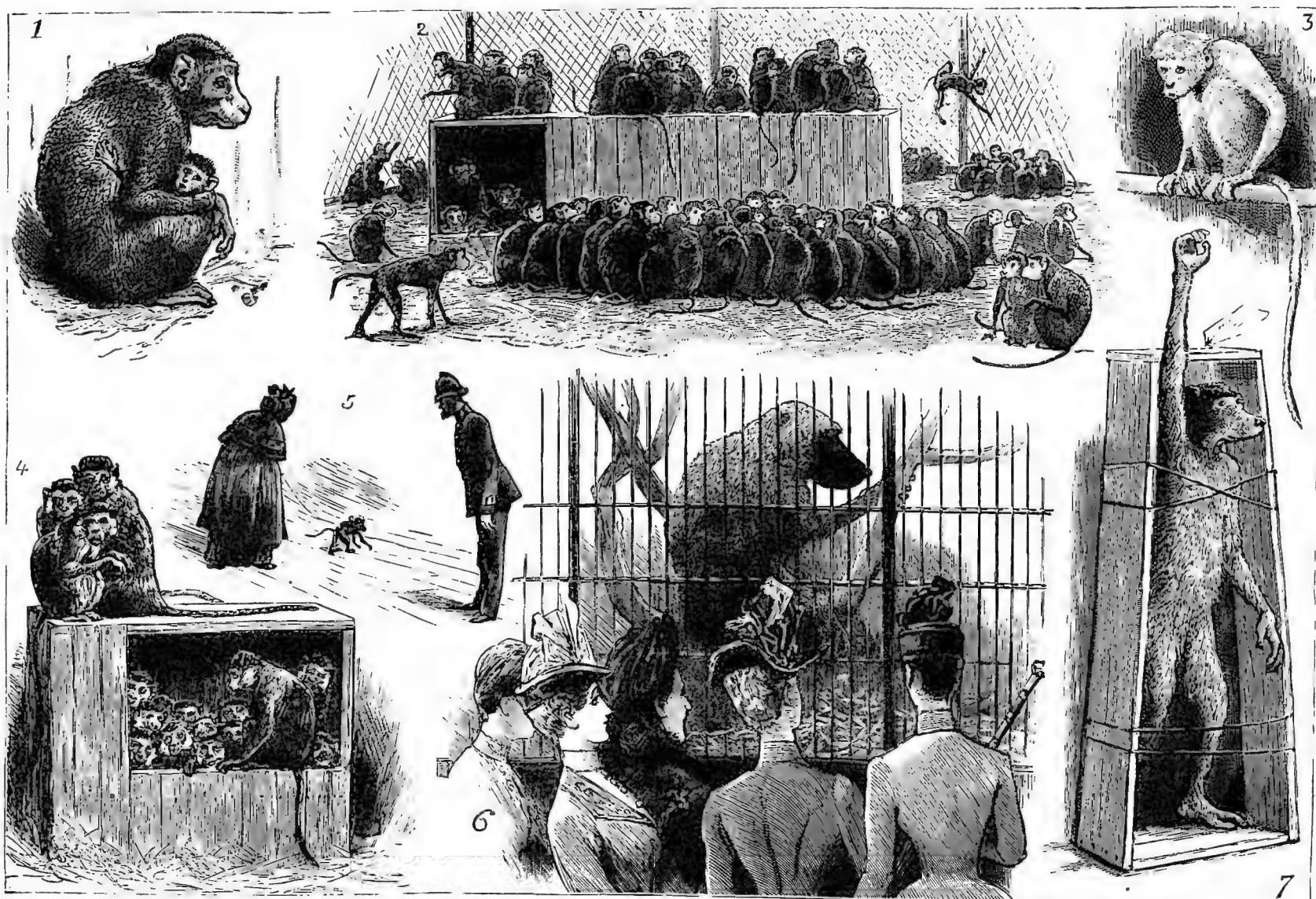
AT THE FITZWILLIAM LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT DUBLIN  
—MR. LAWFORD OFF HIS FEET





BROCKWELL PARK HERNE HILL

(A MOVEMENT IS NOW ON FOOT TO BUY THIS LAND, AND KEEP IT AS A PUBLIC PARK FOR THE PEOPLE)



1. Mamma

2. "A Waggon-load of Monkeys"

3. "The only White Monkey in the World"

4. "Full Inside"

5. A Constitutional

6. "How Like a Man!"

7. Unpacked (a Stuffed Example)

THE MONKEY SHOW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE





Mr. Biggar, M.P., under cross-examination. Sir H. James: "Whom do you regard as the founders of the Land League?" "Well, Mr. Davitt had a great deal to do with it, and Mr. Parnell had a great deal to do with it."—"If I may use the colloquial phrase, who set the thing going?" "I think Mr. Parnell and myself"



Brothers in Affliction: Mr. Condon, M.P. and Mr. J. O'Connor, M.P., after a month's imprisonment, during which they have let their beards grow



Mr. Arthur O'Connor



Canon Shinkwin of Bantry



Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P., (Editor of "The Kerry Sentinel"), in the box. Mr. Murphy: "You were present here when the process-server Herbert swore that he was fired at?" "Yes, but I do not believe he was fired at. The man had a revolver in his pocket. I believe he was fumbling with his revolver and it exploded and the shot went into his wrist"



Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.



Rev. Timothy Murray, Parish Priest of Douglas, near Cork



Rev. Mr. Anderson, Protestant Rector of the Parish of Drinagh



Lady Ashburton listens to the Evidence



Lady Dufferin



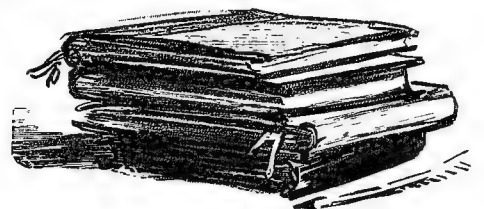
Rev. Canon Ryan



Mr. P. O'Hea, M.P.



Sir Henry James questioning Mr. Biggar about the Land League Books: "Do these four books represent all the books of the Land League?" "Oh, I do not know at all"



All that's left of the Library of the Land League



## THE RECENT HURRICANE AT SAMOA

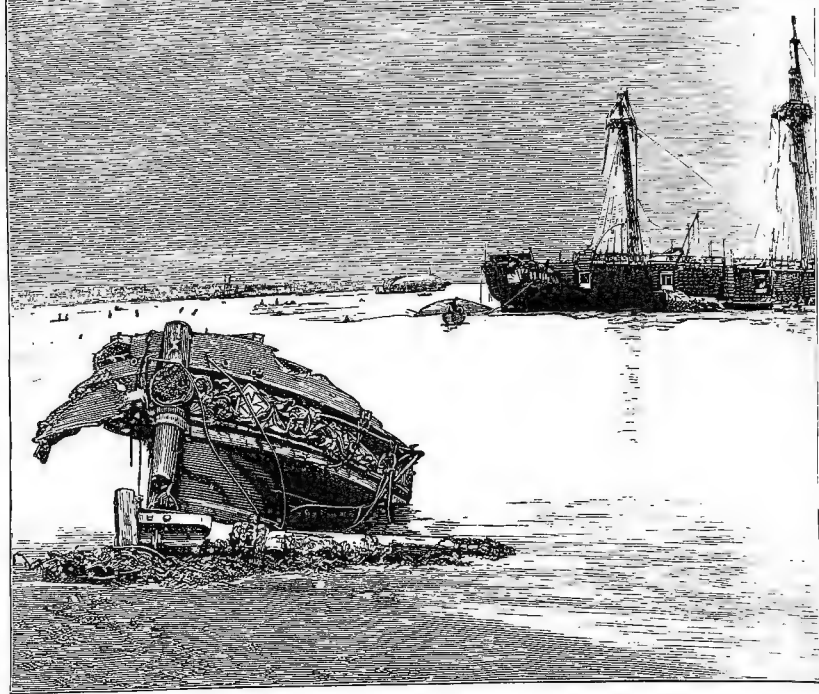
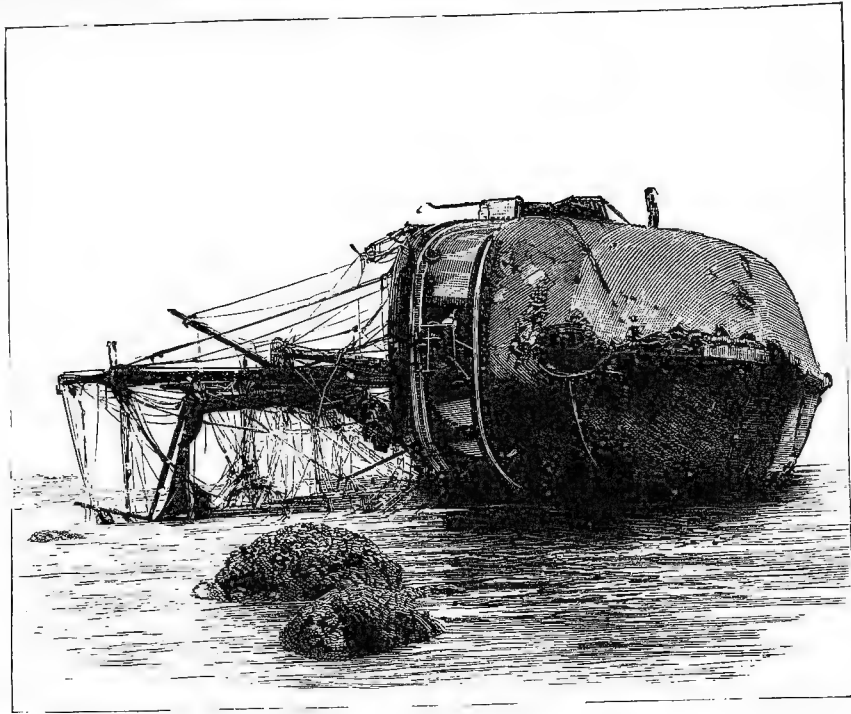
WE gave a full account of this disaster at the time when the news reached this country, and therefore need here only recapitulate a few of the leading facts. Of the seven war-ships (German, American, and British) which were lying in Apia Harbour on the night of March 16th, the British vessel, H.M.S. *Calliope*, was the only vessel which succeeded in escaping from the insecure anchorage, and getting safely out to sea. Nearly every one has since read Captain Kane's manly letter. The pluck and resource shown by himself, his officers, and his crew, forms one of the brightest pages in the recent annals of our Navy. Of the German vessels, the gunboat *Eber* struck on the coral reef which surrounds the harbour, and went

point of view of a practical success. It is easy to sneer at its wicked baronet and his atrocious tool; at its kidnapped baby and its treacherously insecure balcony; at its drugged hero and abducted heroine; at its curiously ill-guarded lighthouse and its lifeboat rescue; together with the numberless other details which pass before the eyes and ears like a dream-panorama of a whole lifetime's acquaintance with dramas of the Adelphi type. The truth is that Mr. Byatt handles these materials with genuine skill; he has the true dramatic instinct of life and movement; he can not only contrive a play in workmanlike fashion, but can plan a story that both awakens and sustains interest throughout a prologue and three acts. His play is, moreover, exceedingly well acted by Miss Grace Hawthorne, who, having played the mother in the prologue, figures

slipped and sprained his ankle, and could not appear. He will be replaced on Saturday by M. Jean de Reszkè.

Madame Albani, who has just returned from a brilliant tour in the United States, made her reappearance on Saturday as Violetta. It is a pity the Canadian *prima donna* did not choose a more interesting opera than *Traviata* for her *réentrée*, but, nevertheless, she was cordially received by the audience, as also was Signor Cotogni, who sustained the part of the heaviest of heavy fathers, the elder Germont. On Monday Miss Van Zandt made a successful *réentrée* as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. On Wednesday, however, she was announced for the far more interesting part of Cherubino in Mozart's *Figaro*, to the Countess of Madame Albani.

M. Jean de Reszkè made his *réentrée* on Tuesday as Rhadames in



down bodily, with nearly every soul on board. The *Adler* was cast on her beam-ends on the reef, and a large number of her officers and crew perished. The corvette *Olga* was more fortunate; she withstood the gale till the morning, when she was driven on the beach, without the loss of any lives. Of the American vessels, the sloop *Nipsic* was run ashore on a sandbank, and the crew, taking to the boats, reached land, with the loss, however, of six men. The corvette *Vandah* was hurled against the reef, like the *Eber*, and sank, a number of her crew losing their lives; while the corvette *Trenton* had her bottom stove in, but subsequently drifted on shore, which was reached by all her crew in safety.—Our engravings (which are from photographs by J. Danis, of Apia, Samoa) represent respectively the *Adler* on her beam-ends; and all of the *Eber* that was to be seen above water, with the *Trenton* in the background.



THE trial *matinées* go bravely on, but unhappily without bringing to light any remarkable amount of hitherto undiscovered talent. *The Scarecrow*, a comedy in three acts, by Mr. Charles Thomas, produced at the STRAND Theatre, is certainly one of the best of recent productions of this class; for, if there is no great freshness in the author's materials, the dialogue is sprightly, and the characters amusingly drawn. Miss Ella Chapman played the coquettish heroine cleverly. *The Scarecrow* is likely to be heard of again. Mr. Frederick Wedmore's version of Theuriet's *Jean Marie*, brought out at the VAUDEVILLE on the same afternoon, with the title of *The Farm by the Sea*, is a poetical little sketch setting forth a story which is identical in all essentials with the pathetic ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." Miss Marion Lea played the part of the Breton heroine very prettily, and with an impressive tenderness; but this promising young actress unfortunately suffers from a defective method of elocution. Of *Marah*, by Mr. W. Sapte, junr., brought out at the PRINCE OF WALES'S, it is impossible to say much in the way of praise. The story is based upon the erroneous supposition that a lady's marriage is, by the law of England, *ipso facto* void when it has been celebrated by a clerical impostor, though the lady was altogether innocent of any knowledge of the irregularity. The most curious part of the matter is that the author, by way of justifying his law, circumstantially refers the spectator, by a note in the programme, to a recent Act of Parliament which appears to have no bearing on the position of affairs in his play. The piece was, with one or two exceptions, poorly acted, the lady who enacted the part of the heroine being apparently under the impression that genuine passion can only be expressed by shouting at the very top of the voice.

Messrs. Abbey and Grau's French company at the GAIETY hold on their way, reviving nearly every night some standard comedy in which M. Coquelin invariably, and Madame Jane Hading with rare omissions, sustain leading parts. The smoothness which characterises these performances is, nevertheless, very noteworthy. M. Coquelin's impersonations are now pretty familiar on this side of the Channel. Madame Hading, on the other hand, has been enabled to give fresh tokens of her power and resources. Her Clorinde in *L'Aventurière* and her Gilberte in *Frou-Frou* have made a deep impression. Monday and Tuesday were devoted to the classic repertory—*Les Précieuses Ridicules* being given on the former and *Tartuffe* on the latter evening. With these, however, it is deemed expedient to associate some lighter modern pieces; and the rest of the week has been given up to substantial productions of the contemporary stage.

Before the summer vacation at the HAYMARKET, which is to commence some time next month, the new play entitled *Wealth* will, it appears, be withdrawn in favour of some revivals of favourite pieces produced under Mr. Tree's management. The theatre will then close, to re-open about the end of August with *Roger la Honte*.

There is not much invention in the incidents of Mr. Byatt's new romantic drama, entitled *True Heart*, which, after a trial in the country, has been brought out at the PRINCESS'S Theatre; but there are qualities in this play which are far more important from the

as the baby grown to maidenhood of the subsequent acts; by Mr. Leonard Boyne as the naval hero; by Mr. Garden, the comic sailor, who grafts Wellerisms upon nautical language in humorous fashion; by Mr. Yorke Stephens as a grave and kindly benefactor of the persecuted; and by Messrs. Bassett Roe and Mr. Julian Cross in their respectively odious characters of the Baronet and his tool. Some minor parts were also cleverly acted by Mr. Morell, Miss Helen Leyton, and Mrs. Huntley. *True Heart* is a genuine success, and is likely to retain its hold upon the public for a long time to come.

Mr. Stanley Little's domestic drama produced at the STRAND on Tuesday afternoon, with the title of *Doubt*, secured a friendly reception; but its story, which relates to the unfounded jealousy of a needlessly suspicious husband, was altogether too slight to sustain interest throughout four acts. The two leading parts were sustained by Mr. Nutcombe Gould and Miss Alma Murray.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones charges the dramatic critics with an affection for "conventionality and stage artifice," and a corresponding distaste for plays "that mean something." Mr. Jones confesses to having written plays which come under the first description; and these he tells us are the plays his critics have praised. On the other hand, they have condemned his better work. Fortunately the public, though sometimes a little unruly on first nights, carefully avoid what the critics recommend, while they flock to see what these blind guides have warned them to avoid. These, at least, are Mr. Jones's views, which are to be developed in an article which he has written for the *Nineteenth Century*, under the title of "The First-Night Judgment of Plays."

The unfortunate "matinee," who being asked what a new play "was like" replied that it was very like the back of a lady's bonnet, may derive comfort from Mr. Herkomer's earnest appeal to the ladies at the performances at Bushey this week. To such small beginnings we have owed much more important reforms than the abatement of the hat and bonnet persecution.

The programme of the special performance at the LYCEUM on Saturday evening, 22nd inst., for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, will consist of *The Bells* and *Domestic Economy*. In the former Mr. Irving will, for the only time this season, repeat his powerful impersonation of Mathias. In the latter piece, which, though generally described as a farce, is really an admirable little comedy of humble life, Mr. Irving's old friend and comrade, Mr. Toole, will once more appear as John Grumley.

All playgoers will be sorry to hear that weak health has compelled that refined and pleasing actress Miss Mary Moore to resign her share in the CRITERION performances for the present. Miss Moore has sailed for America for the benefit of the sea voyage.

Mr. Thomas Thorne and the VAUDEVILLE company will start at the close of the present season on a three months' professional tour, with the most popular pieces of their repertory.

The French authorities are about to take in hand the question of the employment of children on the stage. The Municipal Council of Paris has, for the second time, expressed the opinion that the system of making profit out of little children in this way ought to be abolished.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Four performances, almost all of them attended by Royalty, were given at Covent Garden last week, and six operas are announced during the current week. The principal feature of the representation of *Lohengrin* on the 30th ult. was the admirable performance of the part of Elsa by Madame Nordica, who, as a thorough artist, avoided exaggeration, while giving due effect to the purity and charm which are distinguishing features of the character of Wagner's most lovable heroine. Indeed, with Madame Fürsch-Madi and Signor F. d'Andrade as Ortrud and Telramund, the second act, to which a great deal of the music usually omitted was restored, has hardly ever been better given in this country. The *Lohengrin* was a deputy, and, therefore, must be exempt from criticism. Mr. Barton M'Guckin had been announced to play the part, in which he achieved such great success during the last Carl Rosa season. But, unfortunately, he had

*Aida*, the character he first sustained in London after his return as a tenor instead of a baritone. Madame Nordica was the Aida Signor Cotogni the Amonasro, and Mdle. Jeanne de Vigne (in the absence of Madame Scaldi) made a satisfactory *début* in the metropolis as Amneris. It was, however, in the re-appearance of M. Jean de Reszkè that the interest chiefly centred.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—This time-honoured opera house thoroughly re-decorated and re-seated, and the amber curtains which were once a feature of the auditorium replaced by hangings of more sombre crimson, was opened by Mr. Mapleson on Saturday. As the enterprise is not yet in a very forward state of preparation, the director is compelled at first to rely upon familiar, not to say hackneyed, operas. The chorus and principal tenor had indeed not arrived on Saturday. But in *Il Barbiere* the choral work is happily small, though not utterly unimportant, and M. Müller, the absent vocalist, was replaced by that very useful artist Signor Vicini, who has already sung in the provinces. Madame Gargano, the Rosina, comes from Madrid; and she will probably appear to better advantage in other characters than in a part in which youth and freshness are essential. Madame Gargano is doubtless experienced, although, as a singer, her voice seemed somewhat worn, and the lady was a more or less conventional actress. On Tuesday *La Sonnambula* was mounted for the *début* of Mdle. Pacini as Amina. This young lady, who comes from the Lisbon Opera House, is apparently still in her teens, and her pure and fresh, although yet somewhat small voice, necessarily needs time for fuller development. The chorus had by this time arrived, and sang Bellini's simple music with acceptance. The subordinate part of Lisa was undertaken by Madame Sinico, who, a few years ago, was one of the stars of the opera, and is still deservedly popular.

CONCERTS.—For reasons of space—to say nothing of the patience of readers—it would be a hopeless attempt to write in detail about the fifty or sixty concerts which have been given during the past week. Among the more interesting was the Richter concert on Monday, at which the German Lieder singer, Fraulein Spies, made her *début*. She has a powerful mezzo-soprano voice, and succeeded better in songs by Schubert and Brahms than in Gluck's "Che farò," of which she obviously was not fully acquainted with the traditions. Under Dr. Richter, the orchestra gave a capital rendering of the *Ring* selection and the *Tannhäuser* overture.—Sir Charles Hallé, at his fourth concert, produced a quartet in F by Cherubini, which, although written in 1835, has only recently been published. The slow movement and *schizzo* were the most satisfactory numbers of the work. Lady Hallé gave an excellent performance of the *adagio* from Spohr's Ninth Concerto.—The Handel Society, an amateur body, have produced the portions still extant of Handel's *Alceste*. It is said the work had not before been heard in London under its present title. But as nearly all the music occurs also in *Alexander Balus* and the *Choice of Hercules*, it is, of course, not unfamiliar.—Mdle. Jeanne Douste has given a Chopin recital, in which she announced a Mazurka in F sharp, erroneously attributed to Chopin. Mr. E. Pauer has proved that the work, so far as Chopin was concerned, is apocryphal, and that it was really published in Chopin's lifetime as one of the *Souvenirs de la Pologne*, by Karl Mayer.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. Hamish M'Cunn and the only daughter of Mr. Pettie, R.A., were married on Tuesday.—The De Reszkè brothers, M. Lassalle, and Mdme. Melba (Armstrong) have all signed engagements for the Paris Opéra next winter, when *Orléans* will probably be produced.—Signor Tamagno has been engaged (the salary announced is probably apocryphal) to support Madame Patti on her tour through the United States next winter.—The ex-students of the Royal Academy of Music have formed themselves into a club.—What will amateurs not attempt? Last week a party of them, under the direction of Miss Alice Menzies, who is best known as an accomplished pianist, gave two performances of *The Sorcerer*, at the Vaudeville and Adelphi Theatres, in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital Convalescent Home. We are bound to say that their bold venture was crowned with success. Miss Hattie Sims, a young American lady, who is in training for the operatic stage, was a sprightly Aline, Miss Annie Bernard as Lady Sangazure was vigorous and melodious, Miss Menzies herself sang and acted the part of Constance very pleasingly, while Mr. Maitland Dicker essayed with success the difficult task of following Mr. Grossmith as John Wellington Wells. The chorus, which was remarkable for the good looks of its lady-members, bore ample testimony to the excellent stage-management of Mr. W. H. Seymour (of the Savoy Theatre), and the musical direction of Mr. Isidore de Solla.



## THE SPECIAL COMMISSION

THE Court rose on Friday last week to meet again on June 18th, and before this suspension of proceedings was visited by several additional peers, namely, the Dowager Lady Galway, widow of an Irish illustration, the late Lord Houghton, Lady Ashburton, and last, peer, and sister of the late Lord Houghton, whose father was a landowner in Co. Down. Of the Irish Nationalist M.P.'s not called as witnesses, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. Condon—both of whom have been imprisoned—and Mr. O'Hea—portraits are also given, those of the former two differing somewhat from what they would have been if taken before the trial, since, during their incarceration, they allowed their beards to grow. Of their brethren of the Irish Parliamentary Party who

the next witness, the clever novelist, historian, and journalist, Mr. Justin McCarthy—who supplies another of our portrait-illustrations—must have been disappointed, almost all that was of general interest in his brief evidence being an admission that the language in some of Mr. Biggar's speeches was stronger than he himself would have used. Friday, last week, when the Court rose for its holidays, was chiefly occupied with the evidence of Mr.



Mr. George Grossmith: "A Day in the Life of a Society Clown"



Dowager Lady Galway

Edward Harrington, M.P., the editor of the *Kerry Sentinel*, whose portrait is now given. Extracts were read from his paper by way of

proving that it frequently denounced outrage. In his cross-examination, his attention was pointed to outrages which it was suggested had been perpetrated in consequence of denunciations of the victims by the League. In one of these cases, that of a process-server, who said that a number of shots had been fired at him, Mr. Harrington broached and defended the theory, that the man, seeing some persons approaching, fumbled with his revolver, which went off in his pocket, and that he then made up the rest of the story!

## LEGAL

THE COURT OF APPEAL, by a majority, the Master of the Rolls disagreeing with Lord Justices Cotton and Fry, have affirmed the judgment of Mr. Justice North, reported in this column at the time, prohibiting the President and Council of the Royal Academy from purchasing under the Chantry bequest sculptures executed in plaster only, though the subjects were to be completed in marble or bronze to the satisfaction of the Council. The execution in bronze or marble involves heavy expenditure such as few artists are willing to incur without the certainty of a purchaser being found, and Lord Justice Fry expressed regret at feeling himself bound to construe Sir F.

Chantry's will in a way disadvantageous to the interests of art. APPLICATION WAS MADE AT BOW STREET for a summons against the Duke of Cambridge (with whom was joined an Inspector of Police) for having, as was alleged, during the unfortunate confusion on the Horse Guards' Parade, on last Saturday week, used violence to Mr. G. E. Simms, journalist, who is not to be confounded with the well-known journalist and dramatist, Mr. G. R. Sims. During a rush of the crowd the applicant was carried near the Duke, who caught him by the throat. The magistrate refused a summons, saying that it would not be well to grant it unless there was a probability that a conviction would follow. There was no pretence for saying that there was any motive for the action of the Duke except the desire to stop the rush.

THE SUMMARY JURISDICTION vested in the naval authorities seems liable to be abused. On the information of a constable, on whose behalf a claim for the supposed discovery was made, a young man of the name of Thompson, serving at Normanton in the Derby-

shire Militia, was arrested, and charged with being one Floyd, who deserted from H.M.'s ship *Calliope* at Sydney in November last. The unfortunate youth was first detained in custody in the guard-room for fourteen days, and then removed to the flagship at Portsmouth, the *Duke of Wellington*, to the captain of whom he declared that he was not a deserter, not Floyd, but Thompson. Without any witnesses being summoned to prove that he was Floyd, he was summarily sentenced by the captain, acting under orders from the Admiralty, to ninety days' imprisonment with hard labour in a naval prison, and on the expiration of his sentence he was sent back to the *Duke of Wellington* and detained there. Meanwhile, the facts of the case had been brought before the Queen's Bench Division, which granted a rule nisi calling upon the captain of the *Duke of Wellington* to show cause why a writ of *habeas corpus* should not issue. By this time the Admiralty authorities seem to have become aware that a mistake had been committed, and on the 23rd of May orders were received at Portsmouth sanctioning the transfer of Thompson to his regiment at Derby, but "under escort," which was equivalent to "under arrest." On the 24th the Admiral and the captain at Portsmouth saw in a local paper a report of the judicial proceedings respecting the writ of *habeas corpus*, and subsequently on the same day they made use of the Admiralty instructions, and sent Thompson under escort to his regiment. These facts having been submitted this week to the Queen's Bench Division, the Court animadverted severely on the conduct of the captain in sending the man away after he had read the newspaper report referred to, and on the order so to send him under escort, whereas he had committed no crime at all. "The writ must go," Mr. Justice Manisty said, "and if the captain cannot now comply with it, then we shall have to consider what is to be done to the captain."

AN AGED JOURNEYMAN BRICKLAYER was left, by the death of an uncle, heir to 3,000*l.*, of which he spent in two years all but 1,320*l.* He withdrew 1,000*l.* of this from his bankers, receiving a Bank of England note for that sum. During a day's heavy drinking he, according to his own account, lost the note, which has never since been seen or heard of. He died in a lunatic asylum, and his son has sued the Bank of England for the 1,000*l.*, refusing the Bank's offer to pay, on receiving an indemnity, the interest on the sum. There being utter doubt as to what had become of the note, the plaintiff was non-suited.

DENOUNCING USURY was at one time a favourite occupation of Mr. Ruskin. He seems to have found a too zealous disciple in a Mr. Woodward, described as a surveyor, who was brought up at the Mansion House charged with distributing handbills against usury on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral to the outgoing congregation, and with becoming disorderly when ordered to desist. The Alderman on duty having remanded him that he might be seen by a surgeon, he left the Court calling out, "I want to get that monstrous sin of usury over!"

A WARNING TO DEALERS IN DRUGS was given by Mr. Vaughan at Bow Street, when adjudicating on a charge against a chemist and druggist of selling sal volatile considerably inferior in quality to that prescribed in the British Pharmacopœia. It being proved that the defendant had sold it as it came to him from the wholesale manufacturer, the magistrate imposed only a nominal penalty of 40*s.* But, after quoting judicial decisions in support of his opinion, Mr. Vaughan reminded all persons dealing in drugs that these must be made up according to the British Pharmacopœia.

## PASTIMES

THE TURF.—The Derby this year was a good deal more interesting than might have been expected. It was true that Donovan was looked upon by all the *cognoscenti* as an absolute certainty. But then absolute certainties do not always "come off"—witness the Two Thousand Guineas. And if Donovan had run below his form in May, why should he not do so in June? Another element of doubt was introduced by the success of M. Blanc's colt Clover in the French Derby. Clover had run third in the Middle Park Plate the previous autumn. Shortly before the flag fell on Wednesday, El Dorado came with a rush to 100 to 8, and consequently Donovan only started at 11 to 8 on. However, the favourite never caused his backers any trepidation, and being well-riden by T. Loates (his usual jockey, F. Barrett, being wanted for Morglay) he won easily by a length and a-half, thus adding another spray to his own and the Duke of Portland's laurels. Miguel was second, and El Dorado, who thus showed that the Payne Stakes running was all wrong, third. The only other races at Epsom which call for any notice were the Woodcote Stakes, won for Mr. A. W. Merry by the Miss Foote colt, the Epsom Plate, which fell to Stone Cross, and the Stanley Stakes, which Wayland secured for Mr. L. de Rothschild.

A special meeting of the Jockey Club was held last week to consider the Chetwynd-Durham case. It was decided to ask the members in question to withdraw their resignations, and that the Stewards of the Jockey Club should decide the case, which is to be put before them in the course of next week.

CRICKET.—Low scoring was the feature of the match between Notts and Middlesex, in which the Midlanders, though only making 134, won by an innings and 7 runs. Richardson got ten Middlesex wickets for 44 runs. However, Middlesex, for whom Mr. Webbe showed that he had returned to his 1887 form by making 83 and 30, revenged themselves this week by defeating Gloucestershire, in revenge of a fine innings of 101 by the Champion. Lancashire, beat Oxford, and Yorkshire Cambridge, after a very close finish, while in another very even-scoring match Surrey (Mr. W. W. Read 90 and 87) disposed of their old Leicestershire opponents. Mr. A. P. Lucas made his first appearance for Essex last week against M.C.C., and put together 103 in his only innings. "W. G." made 71 in his first innings for the Club, which was only saved by a severe defeat. A remarkable match was that between Barlow's England Eleven and Twenty-Two of Blackpool and District. In the first innings the Eleven—all county men—were dismissed by Cotman and Wordsworth, two hitherto unknown bowlers, for only fifteen runs. They eventually won, however, by four wickets. At Chichester the South (Quaife 107) beat the North by eight wickets.

YACHTING.—*Valkyrie* did what was perhaps her best performance this season in the Royal Thames Yacht Club Channel Match on Saturday, when she beat, among others, *Irex*, *Yarana*, and *Deerhound*. At the Royal Cinque Ports Regatta on Monday, however, she again suffered defeat from *Irex*. A fresh breeze was blowing, but unfortunately some of *Valkyrie's* gear was carried away.

ROWING.—Brasenose managed to keep away from New College every night during the "eights" at Oxford, though on one occasion the latter were within an ace of making their bump. Thus for the twelfth year since the institution of the races, Brasenose finishes "head of the river."

MISCELLANEOUS.—E. H. Pelling did a good performance in the 250 yards race at the Civil Service Sports, as, starting from scratch, he ran second, completing the distance in something like 24 4-5th secs. H. C. L. Tindall beat 50 secs. in the Quarter, and T. Jennings did 5 ft. 11 1/2 in. in the High Jump.—At polo the Derbyshire Club (with two Peats) defeated the Ranelagh Club (with one) by five goals to one.



The Land League Books are brought into Court by two Attendants

and so on. Just before the suppression of the Land League, its books were removed from its offices, but he had not the slightest idea what had become of them; and another of our illustrations depicts Sir Henry James calling his attention to four volumes which seemed to be all that survived of the League's library of documents, and receiving Mr. Biggar's positive assurance of ignorance as to whether they represented all the books of the Land League. The witness, too, averred that he had denounced outrages, but he had to listen to quotations from his speeches, in one of which he was reported to have denounced "land-grabbers" as "greater criminals than most men who died on the scaffold." After Mr. Biggar came the examination of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., who also figures in our illustrations. He defended boycotting, as usual distinguishing it from intimidation, and he raised a laugh when, having been asked whether he read the *Irish World*, he replied that he did not read any newspaper at all except the *Times*. Those who expected much from the examination of



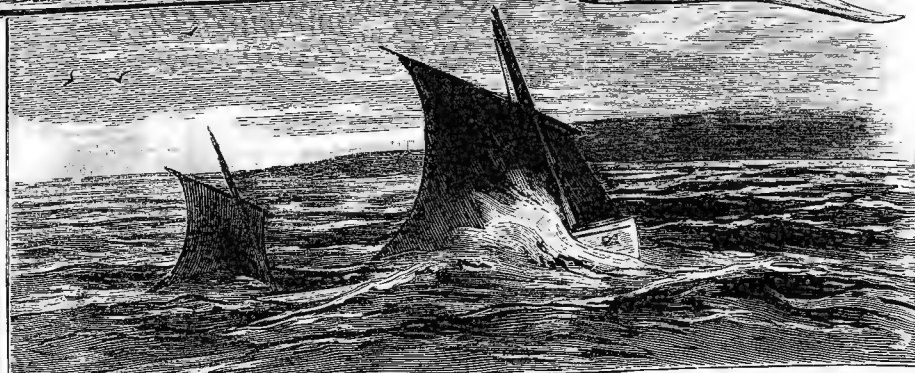
Mr. Smith

Requests the pleasure of the company of  
The Wardroom Officers  
of H.M.S. Thunderbomb."

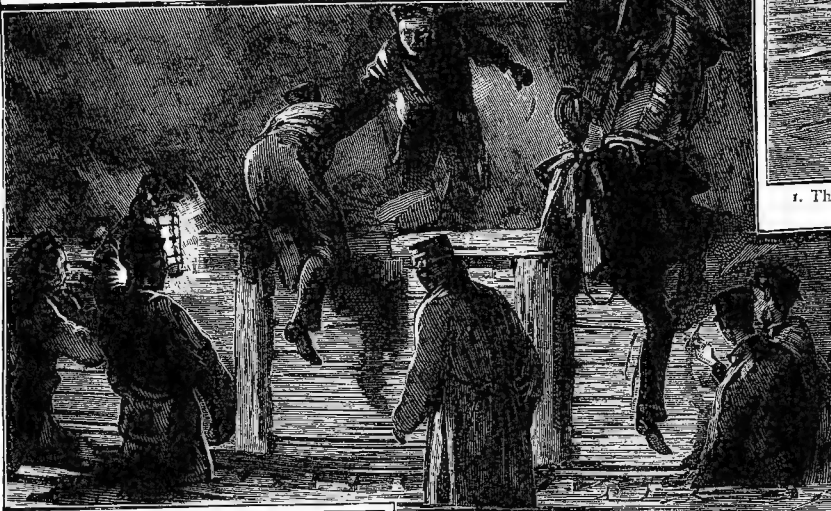
Dancing

9-30..pm

# WHY WE ENJOY GOING TO DANCES IN THE NAVY DEDICATED TO OUR PARTNERS



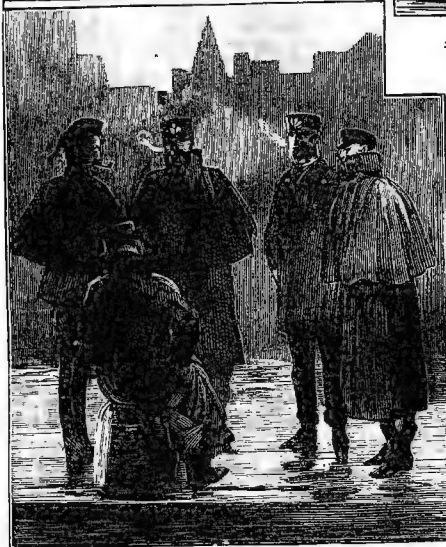
1. The ship having anchored at some distance from the shore the party get rather moist on the way. However, after a deal of tacking they arrive at the landing place



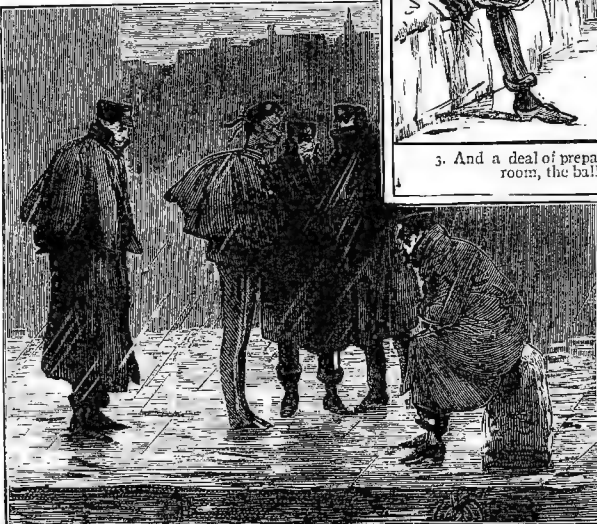
2. Low tide and awkward landing, but after a few mishaps



3. And a deal of preparation, which is necessary in the cloak room, the ballroom is eventually reached.



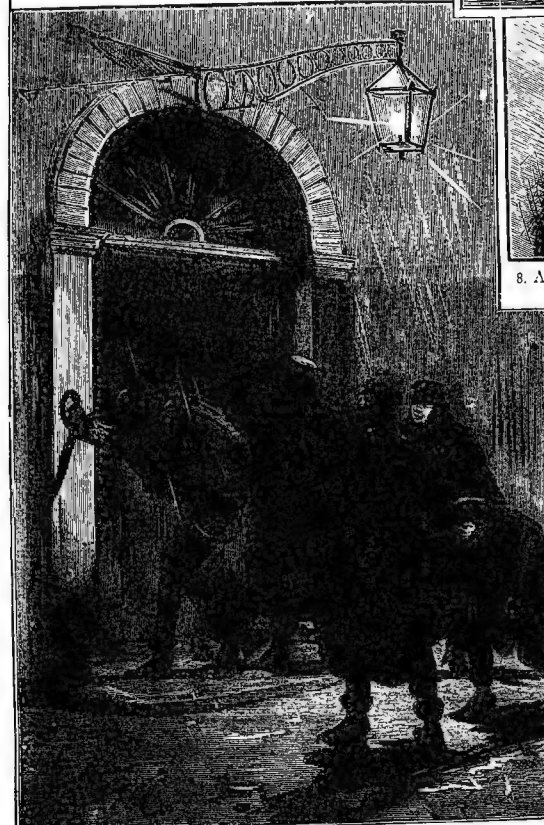
4. 3 A.M. Ball over. No boat. "Oh, it's sure to be in soon." "Shan't be sorry to turn in, shall you?" "Ripping good dance, wasn't it?"



5. 4 A.M. "What a nuisance this rain is." "It's really too bad." "Bothered if I go to any more dances."



6. 4.30 A.M. "Let's hail the ship." "No answer." "She's too far off." "What a rotten place this is; not a shore boat in it." "It's no good hanging about here getting wet through; let's go and rouse up the hotel."



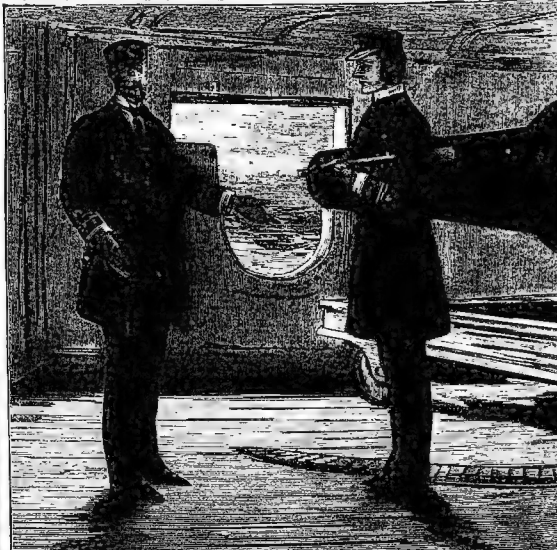
7. 5 A.M. "They seem to sleep well in this establishment. They want a deuce of a lot of waking up. All right. I hear some one coming now."



8. A smart collar for dancing in, but 9. Not particularly comfortable for sleeping in.



10. 7 A.M. On board in the Hulk boat. "Forlorn, unshaven and unshorn."



11. "No boat last night." "Well, you see I couldn't send one in because I wanted to holystone decks again this morning, and the boat's crew would have had to have had a lie-in had they gone—besides, it was raining!!" &c.







## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MISS MATHILDE BLIND once more gives us a volume of poems, "The Ascent of Man" (Chatto and Windus). Many of them are of much power, and all of them are characterised by a sonorous flow of versification. The first part of "The Ascent of Man" is really a very eloquent history of our race from the days when, as she says of a typical ancestor:—

Most unprotected of earth's kin,  
His fight for life that seems so vain  
Sharpens his senses, till within  
The twilight mazes of his brain,  
Like embryos within the womb,  
Thought pushes feelers through the gloom,

down to our age, with its own hopes and fears. The second part opens with "The Pilgrim Soul," based on a thought expressed by Plato, and translated thus:—"Love is for ever poor, and, so far from being delicate and beautiful, as mankind imagined, he is squalid and withered, homeless and unsanctified; he sleeps without covering before the doors and in the unsheltered streets." Miss Blind expands this idea with great force and beauty, and incidentally touches on many of our social maladies. "The Leading of Sorrow" is a fine outpouring of song, pathetically pessimist in conception. The thought which governs the glimpses of our planet's life may be found in these four lines:—

The all-seeing sun shines on unheeding,  
In the night shines the unruffled moon,  
Though on earth brute myriads, preying, bleeding,  
Put creation harshly out of tune.

"Love in Exile" is also a charming poem; but our space is too limited to notice all that is laudable in this volume. Still, for

sustained mental vigour, for sympathy with the sorrows, for perception of the perplexities of life, for apt image and phrase, and for the poetic gift which fires and illumines such qualities, there are few of our more modern poets who surpass, or indeed equal, Miss Blind.

A volume of graceful verse is Fauvette's "Poem Pictures; with Other Lyrics" (Fisher Unwin). Short, simple in construction, and all informed by pure or pathetic sentiment, these lyrics are sure to be appreciated. The Cottage by the Wood, "Maisie of Kintail," and "The Hawthorn Tree," have just those qualities which make a poem ring pleasantly in the popular ear and linger there long.

Mr. John Grant, A.M., has had printed in a pretty little book "Poems of my Youth, and Other Pieces" (James Gemmell, Edinburgh). The were written on the banks of the Aven, the Conlass, the Livet, and the Spey, in the days of Mr. Grant's boyhood, and found a place in the columns of country newspapers. They are perfectly harmless, though it will be seen from this quotation, taken out of a lament on a deceased Scotch clergyman, to what order of singers Mr. Grant belongs:—

The frogs broke the night's still rest,  
Croaking in the orange grove;  
We spoke of the homes of the blest,  
Where they walk in deathless love

There are some admirable word-pictures in Mr. John Stafford Spencer's "Sketches from Nature" (Pickering and Chatto). Among the best are "The Coastguard Station" and "River Scenes." These consist of two series of short poems, which photograph vividly momentary aspects of sea-shore or riverine life. It is not easy to choose, but we may take the following from "The Coastguard Station":—

Here knee-deep in the surf, the shrimp wades,  
Dipping his net beneath the broken flow  
Of waves whereon the rose of sunset fades;  
Till Evening bids the distant beacon show  
Faint glimmerings, trembling through the afterglow.

There are passages in this poem and in "River Scenes" quite Wordsworthian in their close and loving observation of nature. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson has written an unpretending little volume which he calls "Jolts and Jingles: A Book of Poems, for Young People." (Stanesby and Co.). They are bright, easily rhyming, and readily intelligible by boys and girls. We hope that those of the former who are disposed to be uncharitable and rough with feminine weakness will take to heart the lesson of the poem beginning:—

Little Miss Moffitt  
Has a big doll.

The latest addition to the "Canterbury Poets" series (Walter Scott) is "American Sonnets," selected and edited with an introduction by Mr. William Sharp. The selection is wide and extensive, and includes examples of the work of Messrs. J. R. Lowell, Edgar Allen Poe, Emma Lazarus, Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, Louisa and Imogen Guiney, and Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

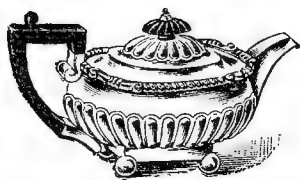
VISITORS TO PARIS, just now, should carefully examine the French money they receive. A number of false twenty-franc pieces are in circulation, bearing the effigy of Napoleon III., and marked A, 1867. They are so well made that it is difficult to distinguish between the true and the false, but the latter are thinner and the design and lettering are not so distinct. There are also some false franc pieces in circulation.

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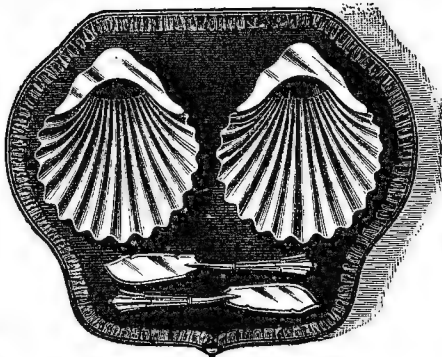
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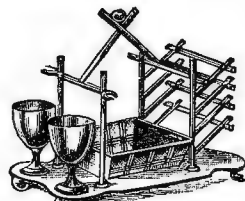
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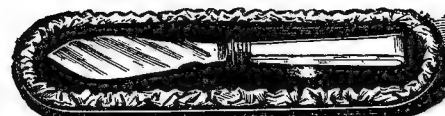
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"FARADAY," by Professor Tyndall, and "H. Fawcett," by the Editor, divide the interest of Vol. XVIII. of "The Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith, Elder, and Co.). Mr. Leslie Stephen has abridged his "Life of H. Fawcett" into a very readable notice. Mr. Fawcett presided at the Exeter Hall meeting in September, 1876, to protest against "the Bulgarian atrocities;" but (as Mr. Stephen takes care to add) "he was utterly opposed to Home Rule. On the other hand, his action in regard to India earned him the title of 'the Member for India.'" Among other touching personalities, Professor Tyndall tells us he has a razor, made by Faraday from one of the alloys of steel on which, in 1821, he was experimenting. Of Faraday's method, his biographer says: "Through reasonings often confused, he passed to experimental results which lie at the very core of the question." Yet this man, "whose instincts were so marvellously true, even when his speculations were invalid," was for three years from 1841 so broken down that, "while his strength was equal to any amount of mountaineering, he was quite unable to talk at the *tables d'hôte* during his tour abroad." His little notes written during this time, e.g.: "When I say I am not able to bear much talking, it means really, and without any equivocation, oblique meaning, implication, &c.; being at present rather weak in the head," are strangely pathetic. Mountain air, along with the loving and ceaseless care of his wife and her brother, cured him; but he never after had full confidence in himself, declining the presidency of the Royal Society and of the Royal Institution, on the plea that his brain could not bear an extra strain. Of the minor lives, many will be glad that due praise is given to William Evans, the Eton drawing-master, who, in 1840, was persuaded to start "a house," Dr. Hawtrey being anxious to reform the old system of "dames' houses." "Eton, as it is, dates from the starting of Evans's house," says Mr. Cust. In treating of the interesting lives of the Falconers, of Chester and Bath, Mr. J. M. Riggs points out that the Rev. Thomas Falconer, M.D., never practised medicine, and never took parish duty but once. Yet he was Bampton Lecturer in 1810, and his works, classical and theological, are as numerous as the medical works of either his father or his son.

Canon M. Creighton, the Cambridge Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History, contributes "Carlisle" (Longmans) to the "Historic Towns" series. The subject is exceptionally interesting, and the interest begins early; for, while "the courage of the Strathclyde Britons was increased and disciplined by contact with the Romans, their nationality was not destroyed." Nor does it flag; for the Border-war period, with its ballads, has charms of its own.—Mr. Creighton tells with great glee the story of Kinmont Willie; and it is followed by the exciting times of the '15 and the '45. Modern Carlisle is notable for rapid growth; its population has nearly doubled in fifty years, while it has increased ninefold since 1763. A word more might have been said about the east window of the Cathedral; not only does it "mark the highest point of grace and beauty reached by the Decorated style," it is absolutely the finest specimen of Decorated existing in these islands.

Sir Lyon Playfair has collected out of his published essays those relating to "Subjects of Social Welfare" (Cassell), adding one on "Sleep," written many years back and brought up to date. It is interesting to compare what he said in 1870 on education with the fruit of eighteen years' work. Now, as then, it is too true that "we have educational materials in abundance, but no architect to

make a national edifice out of them." Sir Lyon had (and, we presume, has) much faith in a Minister of Education. He writes very strongly on technical education ; but is he right in instancing the reclaiming of the Haarlem Lake in proof of its value as carried out in Holland ? Was not a good deal of the work due to English engineers, and was not the agricultural colony, on part of the reclaimed land, a failure ? Besides education, he treats of vivisection, of the disposal of the dead (he advocates Mr. S. Haden's perishable coffins), of bi-metallism, &c. ; and he is always worth careful reading. In regard to sleep we don't seem to have made much progress since Macnish wrote.

M. Daudet is always delightful, though it is no reproach to Miss Ensor to say that we much prefer him in French dress. Her translation is fairly racy, barring a few awkward phrases like "obsidional fever." The illustrations are admirable. Altogether several pleasant half-hours may be spent over "Recollections of a Literary Man" (Routledge). They are very Parisian; in "the 'Wet Nurses'" ("Les Nounous") M. Daudet is as hard on "the peasant" as if he had been a Parisian born; and he is on the provincial dandy in "A Member of the Jockey Club." Against the peasants round Paris he has a serious charge: he says they showed the Prussians the cellars of the country houses. The most farcical of his scenes describes a wholly contemptible "masher" who, during the Commune, escapes from Paris as a scavenger. In his account of the shooting of Generals Lecomte and Thomas he tries his hand at tragedy.

his hand at tragedy.

M. Renan is far harder to translate adequately than is M. Daudet. "Jahveh, this *costumier à la Michael Angelo*" (p. 293), is certainly best left untranslated; "obscidental shields," we have already objected to; but "Naboth's vine" (p. 267) is, we hope, a printer's error. Of the second volume of the "History of the People of Israel" (Chapman and Hall), we can only say, as we did of the first, it is thoroughly characteristic. A man who can write, "One is tempted to say, 'Poor fellow,'" of the appeal in Isaiah, "Oh my people, what have I done unto thee?" is, happily, not likely to have many sympathisers in England. It is not so much M. Renan's criticism, a good deal of which some of our theologians would not dispute, as the manner of it, that makes him distasteful to those who have any lingering reverence for the Old Book. The present volume covers the period from David's reign to the capture of Samaria. The most interesting chapter is, "The Expansion of Prophetism." M. Renan's views of which are, to a great extent, identical with those of even moderately Broad Churchmen. More distinctive in its details is his separation between the Israelite and Jerusalemite accounts of the Creation, the Passover, &c., and his idea that in the Assyrians of 750 B.C., "Mongol blood was already predominant, accounting for their godlessness, and for the Turkish sterility of their conquests" (p. 387). We forgive a good deal for such a remark as "Idolatry is the gigantic mistake of which the Aryan race could not steer clear when it came in contact with races skilled in plastic arts."

One is naturally anxious to hear what an American officer who went through the greatest war the New World has yet seen has to say about "Great Captains" (Ticknor, Boston). Colonel T. A. Dodge writes well, and has made good use of the best authorities, from Arrian to Prince Galitzin and Count von Wartenburg. His "Captains" he limits to six, explaining why he excludes Marlborough or Prince Eugene in favour of Gustavus Adolphus, "who first rescued methodical war from the oblivion of the Middle Ages." He is full of suggestions; what, for instance, he asks, would have become of Rome had Alexander not died? Hannibal, he remarks, was no madman; he invaded Italy expecting to be joined by the Italians; "his having held his motley crowd together for thirteen years of disaster is one of the phenomenal feats of history." Of Frederick's success, too, as of Napoleon's, Colonel Dodge points

out the merit. His book is delightful reading for laymen; at the same time no officer can study it without getting a clearer insight into the higher branches of his profession.

It is significant that in the Rev. H. C. Atwood's "Divine Entreaty" (Wells Gardner) he says: "Heathens have sought to use all their powers of mind and body for the greatest good of which they knew," and "in the early days the name of Christ, as yet strange in men's ears, was confounded with the Greek word for 'good and helpful,' which differs from it only by a single letter. Mr. Atwood, of course, gives a negative answer to the question in the old degree:

Can it be fancied that Deity ever vindictively  
Made in His wrath a mannikin only to madden it?  
His idea of eternal death is "a soul shrieking for ever into the  
blackness of darkness outside the all-pervading presence of God."  
There is much "unction" in these simple and earnest Lent  
Lectures.

In "The Strong and the Stronger" (Wells Gardner), the Rev. T. H. Barnett gives forty short Lenten readings on the Temptation, chiefly for the use of those clergy who have Daily Service. They are also valuable for private reading, being very brief, and each containing some central thought. Thus of the Third Temptation the significance is shown to be the danger of bye-paths: "Our Lord was incited to gain a perfectly right end by a sinful method—by a shortcut."

The Comte de Flers fully believes that "Le Comte de Paris," (Allen) will one day be Philip VII. "France, fallen from her due rank, is hurrying to destruction," but the Count is confident in her speedy deliverance, if only the nation gets to know his great and solid qualities. As of old people used to say: "Ah, if only the King could know it," so now he says: "Ah, if only the people knew him." During their long exile the Orleans Princes travelled much. They could not take part in the Crimean War so soon after the decree depriving them of their property, but they turned their Castle of Eisenach into a lint manufactory. After visiting the East, they went through most of the American battles; and General McClellan describes the Comte de Paris as one for whom *deux obligations* had a real meaning, while he says the Duc de Chartres was a dashing young soldier, never so happy as when under fire. The Comte wrote a history of the American contest; he also wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (under the name of Eugene Forcade) a paper on the Lancashire cotton famine, and the wonderful way in which half a million people were kept well-fed. The relations between the Comte and the Pope, the Portuguese marriage, and the recent expulsion of the Orleans family make up a volume full of interest, not only for the politician, but for the general reader. Miss Majendie's translation is very well done.

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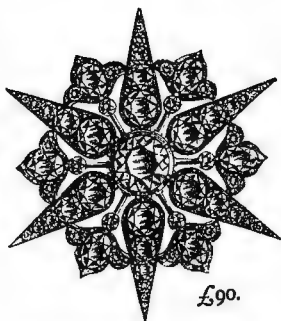
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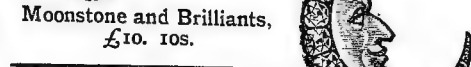
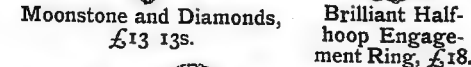
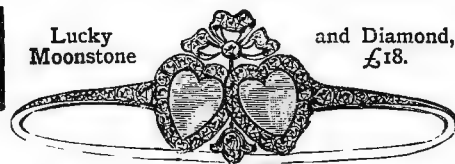


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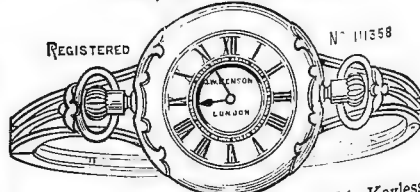


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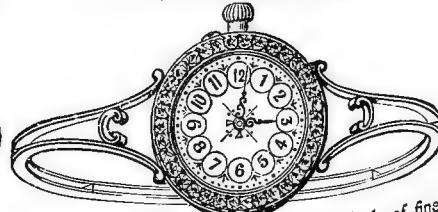


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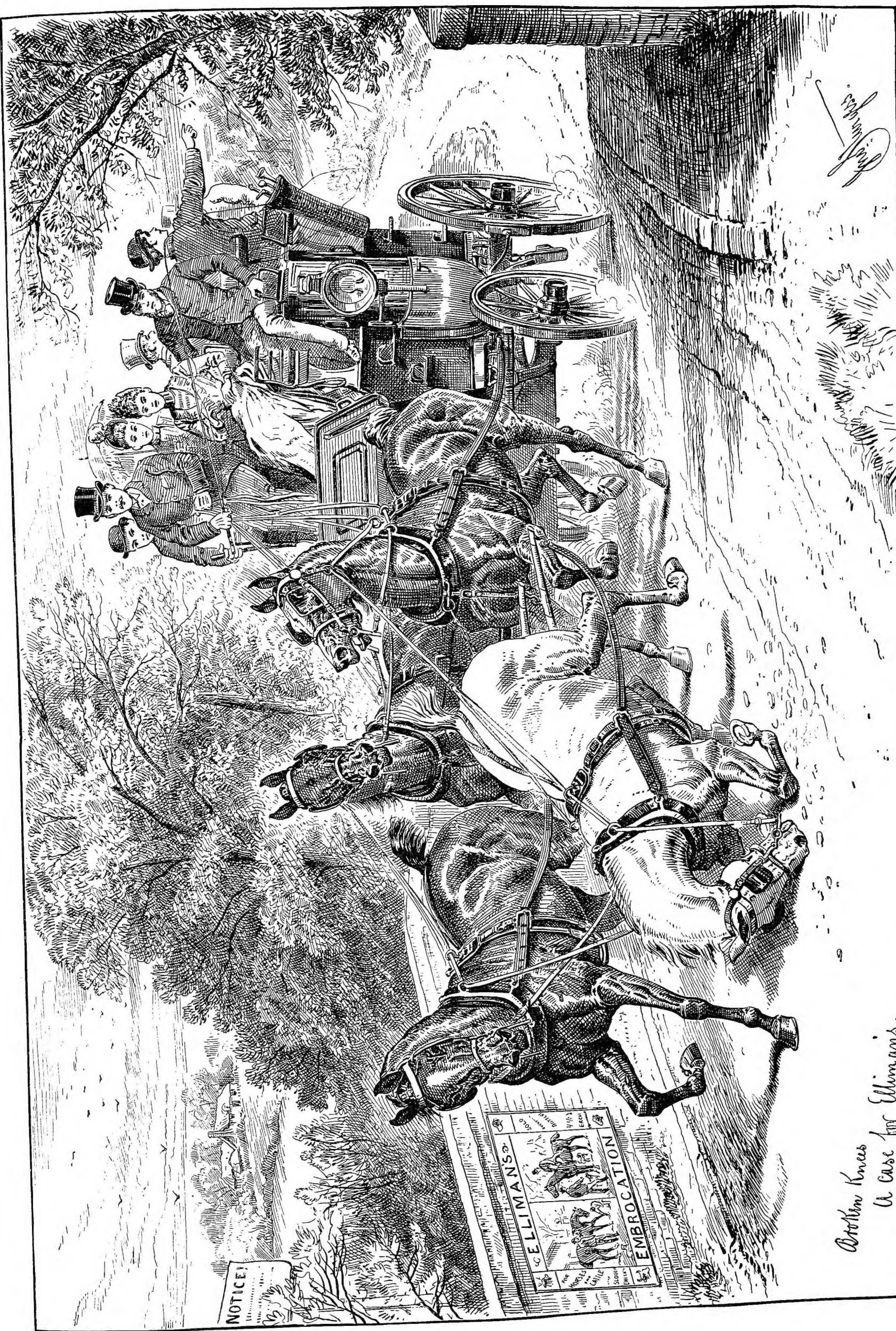
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If Sixpence in stamps be sent the five other pictures would also be forwarded.





WITHOUT the least prejudice to the former works of Alice Mangold Diehl, one may safely say of "Iris Dacre" (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) that it will probably prove the most generally interesting. Indeed, in every respect, whether of plot or of portraiture, it ought to prove exceedingly popular, and doubtless will. In dealing with the escapades of an uncomfortably precocious school-girl, Mrs. Diehl has very happily succeeded in producing a story of which the purpose is so excellent as to equally avoid the two opposite extremes of riskiness and conventionality. Iris herself is a decidedly original type of young womanhood, whom it is quite possible to like without altogether approving; and the principal male character is yet more originally managed, inasmuch as whether he is hero or villain is left in the balance until nearly the end of the story. Were it not well-nigh impossible to speak of improbability in connection with family history, one might mention certain incidents in that of the ducal house of Monte Lys as going rather far in that direction; but in no case would this affect the charm and interest of Mrs. Diehl's latest, and, as we have already predicted likely to be, most popular novel.

To be too long is a bad fault, and F. Marion Crawford's "Greifenstein" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.) unquestionably has it, the superfluity being obtained by unnecessary analysis, too much after the manner of Mr. Henry James, junior. And this is the more unnecessary, inasmuch as Mr. Crawford's personages are perfectly able to dispense with analysis, and explain themselves without the help of a single word of anything but story. In short, "Greifenstein" is, despite its length and its too-frequent lapses into psychological tediousness, an exceptionally interesting and powerfully dramatic novel. The author has no fear of even violent situations which might appear almost grotesque in less competent hands; and his success is equal to his courage. There is great freshness about his colouring. The life into which he brings his reader is that of the proudest and most exclusive caste in the world—that of those ancient German nobles who have never ceased to lead the lives of feudal chiefs, steeped in traditions which have become a conscience, and with a code of honour and duty as lofty as it is narrow. Only under such conditions could such a story as Mr. Crawford tells be possible; but under such it is likely enough to be fundamentally true. For the rest, it is something more than pleasant to breathe the air of the Suabian Forest in such pages as these, especially in the company of so simply noble a character as Hilda von Sigmundskron; and it is more than pleasant to accompany "Greif" to the University of Schwarzburg. Never before has German student life been depicted with so much fulness and with so much intelligent sympathy, both in spirit and in detail; and for other reasons than fellow-feeling with the hero we regret the moment when we leave Schwarzburg for the last time. That the sentiment of the novel should be essentially German is appropriate; and on the whole we know of no other work by Mr. Crawford to which we should give preference. Not only is it altogether more finished and more dramatically interesting than its predecessors, but it is entirely free from any of those morbid elements by which most of them have been more or less marred.

The hero—if so he must be called—of "The Repentance of Paul Wentworth," in three terribly long volumes (Bentley and Son), is a sort of professional heart-breaker, who is incidentally a great statesman. Disappointed in his own married life, he occupies himself partly with politics, and partly with lady-killing. His leading victim is an innocent girl, whose love he obtains in the belief that

he is free to marry her, and whose life he does his best to ruin. Altogether, he is about as selfish, cold-blooded, and sneaking a cad as we remember to have with; and his final repentance, brought about by the death of his daughter through the discovery of what sort of man she had for a father, does not give impression of being more than a passing spasm of self-deception. Doubtless, though he is left married to Muriel, a fourth volume would have shown him at his old tricks once more. What good purpose is to be obtained from the serious elaboration of such a character is not easy to gather; unless it be meant as a warning to young women not to fall in love with strangers until they have made sure that there is no wife somewhere behind. Or it may be to prove that there is a happy medium between self-indulgence and self-renunciation, a seeing that Paul's half-brother also succeeds in breaking a girl's heart on the very different ground of his having made up his mind to eschew marriage from motives of religion. The novel is made up mostly of long conversations on things in general. It is harmless, and well written; but is rather silly, and decidedly dull.

One naturally expects a good deal from a novel by "Mr. (?) Randolph, with such a title as "The New Eve: a Study in Recent Evolution" (2 vols.: Spencer Blackett), with a pessimistic French motto on the title page, and a sword of flame on the cover. It turns out, however, to be nothing better or worse, fresher or staler, than a matrimonial novel of the usual type, save that the hero is unmarried. The new Eve is, though, very much; and so she makes more violent love to the hero than he, after the feeble manner of his kind, very well knows what to do with, so that he finally dies of his difficulty. She accordingly has to take up with somebody else, who proves less scrupulous—so much less that he destroys her happily, in the deception of willing dupes by even the clumsiest of charlatans; while dreams fulfilled and magic crystals have long ceased to be unfamiliar. Mr. Cumberland's purpose is to expose the tricks of spiritualist mediums, and, in many cases, to show how they are, or may be, performed. Sensible people, however, are content to assume imposture without troubling themselves about the precise manipulations of inferior jugglers; while the dupes are too determined to believe to be convinced by even the very clearest exposure. As to the kindred matter of ghosts, Mr. Cumberland, like Coleridge, has seen too many to believe in them; but here, also, we fear that he preaches to the wind. With little or no literary merit, the story may be found moderately amusing by those who are not sick of the whole foolish subject with which it deals.

We hardly know why Mr. Stuart Cumberland should have called his novel, "The Vasty Deep" (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), a "strange" story of to-day. There is certainly nothing strange, unhappily, in the deception of willing dupes by even the clumsiest of charlatans; while dreams fulfilled and magic crystals have long ceased to be unfamiliar. Mr. Cumberland's purpose is to expose the tricks of spiritualist mediums, and, in many cases, to show how they are, or may be, performed. Sensible people, however, are content to assume imposture without troubling themselves about the precise manipulations of inferior jugglers; while the dupes are too determined to believe to be convinced by even the very clearest exposure. As to the kindred matter of ghosts, Mr. Cumberland, like Coleridge, has seen too many to believe in them; but here, also, we fear that he preaches to the wind. With little or no literary merit, the story may be found moderately amusing by those who are not sick of the whole foolish subject with which it deals.

"Two Daughters of One Race," by C. H. Douglas (1 vol.: Digby and Long), is an amateurish little tale of how a young woman came to be shut up in a tower by a mad farmer, who would have starved her to death had not an unknown half-sister, directed by a dream, unlocked the door and let her out again. The situation is led up to by family relations of a necessarily complicated character; and the scene is laid in Cumberland, which has of late entered into competition with Cornwall as the locality of improbable adventures. C. H. Douglas makes out a possible case for the conduct of the mad farmer: and so is at any rate entitled to the merit due to any sort of ingenious exercise, however wasted.



MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—The latest number of "Popular Cantatas" is the "Boyhood of Christ," a sacred cantata; the music, adapted to the voices of boys and girls, composed by Albrecht Brede, the words compiled by M. Krummacker and translated from the German by A. J. Foxwell. For a Sunday School Festival this cantata would be found very suitable, the music is not difficult, and the solos are quite within the capabilities of fairly intelligent children.—Doubtless the little folk would take more interest in, and learn with greater pleasure, two school cantatas, the one, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," the libretto by Clara L. Burnham, the music by G. F. Root. Most of us are familiar with Grimm's charming fairy tale from which this libretto is taken; the music is very tuneful, and will be easily learnt. If taken in hand at once it may be thoroughly mastered in time for the Christmas holidays, and performed with great éclat before an admiring audience of parents and friends. The second of these works is an operetta, in two acts, entitled "The Forty Robbers; or, Open Sesame," the thrilling libretto by H. Broughton Black, B.A., the appropriate music by R. T. Gibbons, F.C.O. This operetta was composed specially for the Choir of the Grocers' Company School; and, although not every body of schoolboys or girls can hope to equal this well-trained choir, with some amount of painstaking any juvenile band of singers may please their friends and themselves by a private performance of this very pretty music and most exciting libretto. Although the chief parts are for boys two girls will find libretto. Although the chief parts are for boys two girls will find very good characters in Ganem, the son of Ali Baba, and in Morgiana, the heroine of the tale.—The moment a child understands anything it begins to imitate and what it calls "make pretend;" before it can talk it can imitate. "The Imperial Action Songs," for Kindergarten and infant schools, the words by various writers, the music arranged and partly composed by Frederic James, Mus. Bac. Cantab, will delight little ones. The two little volumes will provide an ample fund of amusement, not only for the children but for their parents and friends, and will teach the little ones to sing in time and tune.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—No. 3 of "St. Cecilia," a collection of two-part songs for female voices, is Ruckert's pretty poem, "The Sun and the Brook," music by Wilfred Bendall.—A bright and cheery song of medium compass is "Ding-Dong," written and composed by Theo. Marzials and A. Goring Thomas; this song will take well at a popular concert.—Three fairly good drawing-room pieces for the pianoforte are: "Menuet Symphonique" and "Romance," by G. Bachmann, and "Caroline" Mazurka, by Henry Klusmann.—"Gladys Waltz," by Edwin H. Prout, is tuneful and danceable.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"True and Constant" is a pleasing little love-ditty, written and composed by Frank Silvester and Frederick Cook. "Ma Cherie Waltz," by Percy M. Hewitt, is a very good specimen of its school (The London Music Publishing Company).—"A Setting in the key of C of Kyrie, Gloria, Tibi, Gratias, and Credo" (as sung in Exeter Cathedral), for male voices, by Ferris Tozer, well deserves to be taken up by our leading London churches (F. Tozer, Exeter).—"Suite de Trois Morceaux (Marche Rustique, Lied, et Marche de Fête) pour Grand Orgue," by Eugène Gigout, will find favour with all organists in search of secular pieces (Messrs. Schott and Co.).—A pathetic ballad, with the usual sad ending of its type, is "The Child Musician," written and composed by Austin Dobson and George Bard. "Thine for Ever" is a waltz-song, somewhat commonplace, written and composed by Rosa Carlyle and Leigh Kingsmill (Messrs. Phillips and Page).

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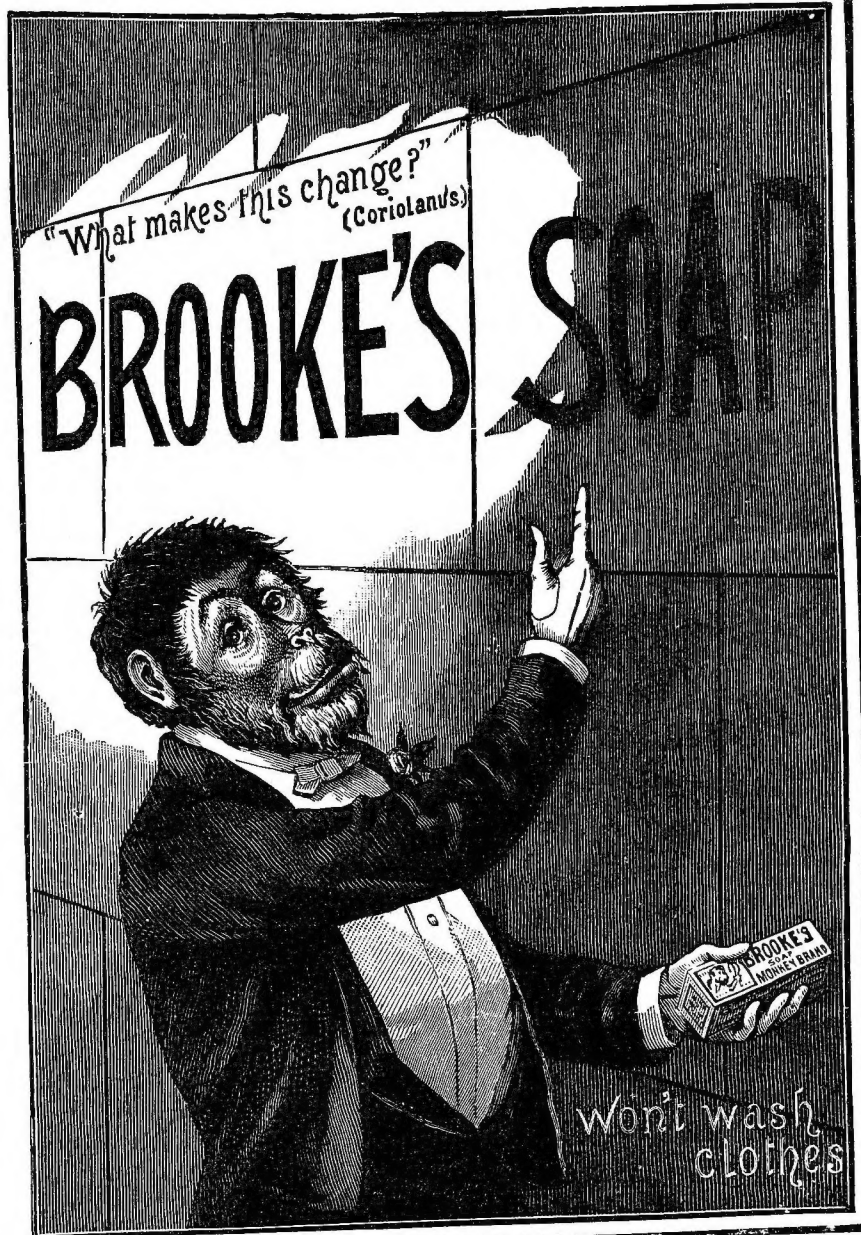
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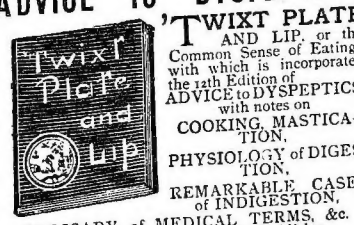
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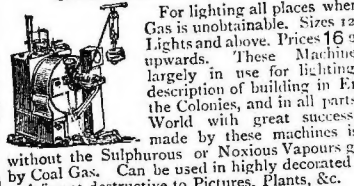
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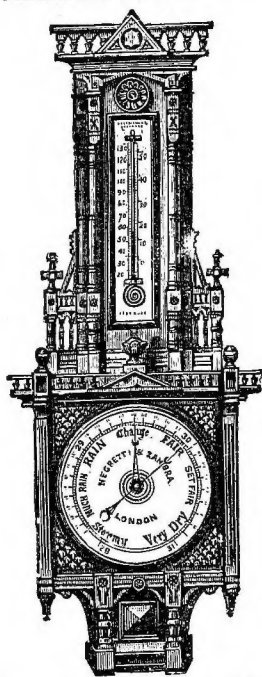
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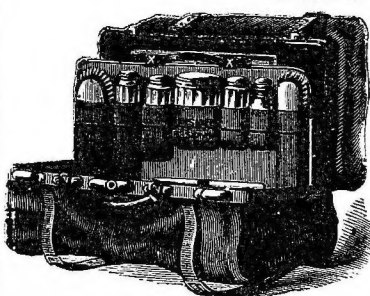
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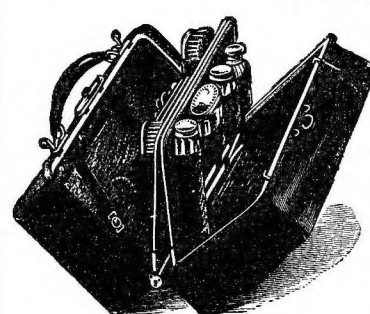
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